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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

SULLIVAN'S MONEY COVERED.

THE LE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1889.

VOLUME LIII.—No. 590.  
Price Ten Cents.



A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WIDOW'S NARROW ESCAPE.  
ALLEGED BRUTAL ATTEMPT TO RAVISH MRS. SUSAN ESTERLY, NEAR ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1889.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

More trouble is being looked for from the dynamite fiends in Chicago. The police anticipate a repetition of the Haymarket riot, but any anarchist mob which fools the Chicago bluecoats this time will have to be wide awake.

A special from Columbus, O., comes to us with the cheerful information that the White State have sent out a flag of truce, here, owing to fright occasioned by efforts to prosecute them. But if Governor Johnson shows them any quarter he ought to need.

Who says the POLICE GAZETTE hasn't cut its eye teeth? We have before us a copy of this world-renowned publication dated Sept. 27, 1845. As may be imagined, it is an infant beside the GAZETTE of to-day, and gives no indication of the wonderful improvements which it underwent in later years.

The train robbing racket is still being worked for all it is worth in some of the remote Southern and Western sections. The latest attempt in this line occurred near Grenada, Miss., a few days ago. To prevent a repetition of train robbing, we would suggest providing every express car with a military escort.

It now looks like Jake Kilrain, the champion of the world, and John L. Sullivan will battle for \$20,000 and the championship, for, after all the bluster by the syndicate that is backing Sullivan, the \$5,000 they posted in the *Clipper* is covered, and Kilrain will ratify a match, if there is no hitch in arranging the preliminaries.

A few days ago a young fellow was arrested by the police of this city for a daring robbery committed by him in a Broadway bank. He said hunger drove him to the desperate act, which is likely to deprive him of his liberty for several years. But he was altogether too previous. His pockets contained seven cents. He might have got a meal for that in some of the down-town soup dispensaries.

Old Hutch, Chicago's Jay Gould, who has been taking the bread from the poor by his heartless and relentless corners in wheat, has recently had a taste of his own medicine, one of his clerks having relieved him of a nice little portion of his ill-gotten hoard. We doubt if a jury could be found who would convict that clerk.

The name of Black Bart is a synonym for a good deal of terror on the Pacific coast just now. Bart is a second Dick Turpin. For many years he made things lively for travelers by stage coach, but was finally trapped and sent up for his crimes. Recently he was discharged from prison, having served his time. The authorities are now convinced that he is plying his old trade again, but if they are as long in catching him as they were before, we pity the suffering public.

Jake Kilrain, the "Police Gazette" champion, has loomed up, as we expected, the right side up. There has been posted \$5,000 to cover Sullivan's forfeit. Kilrain proposes meeting Sullivan for \$10,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world. It will be next in order to select the battle ground, name the stakeholder and agree upon a referee, and there is not the least doubt that these important points will be mutually agreed upon, and Kilrain and Sullivan sign a protocol to battle for the largest sum ever fought for.

## MASKS AND FACES

"Damn!"—"Miss Esmeralda"—

Uncle Sam vs. John Bull.

'LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY'

Complexion of Actresses—Barry and Chippie.

ODDS AND ENDS.

"I have always been much amused by the use of the word 'damn' on the stage," remarked young Fastset to



old Tomzgin, after supper the other night. "I notice that the word 'damn' introduced into a play always gets more applause or laughter from a fashionable west side audience than from a mixed or rough-and-tumble east side house. I suppose this is so because genteel folks, so-called, are glad to have the actors say a word which they can't with propriety say as often as they like, while your honest-minded, mixed mob makes use of it daily, and wants something 'high-toned' on the stage. The fact remains that at Palmer's 'Damn It!' will be received with a titter, while at the People's it passes almost unnoticed. The masses like swelling, not commonplace, phrases. It seems to be the rule of the modern dramatist, when in doubt, to say 'damn!' But I beg your pardon, Tomzgin. I'm loquacious to-night. Have a chattrouse?"

I can't say that I liked "Miss Esmeralda," produced at the Standard by the London Gaiety Company, much better than I did "Monte Cristo, Jr."

The libretto is dolorously dull, the puns are pesteringly persistent, and the humor is painfully forced. Fred Leslie is wonderfully versatile, of course, and Nellie Farron kaleidoscope in her change of raiment, and Fred Storey marvelously agile, and Letty Lind and Sylvia Grey wonderfully graceful as dancers, and Marion Hood angularly attractive, but the effect on the mind of the whole entertainment is somewhat similar to what a rarebit, a golden buck, a lobster, a soft-shell crab, all mixed and eaten at one time, would be on an average stomach.

There is a great discussion going on just now between Uncle Sam and John Bull, apropos of their respective actors. Uncle Sam, urged by Messrs. Aldrich and Sanger, is petitioning Congress to prevent the actors of John Bull from coming over here in companies and shoals and ruining the business of the gentlemen who spit, chew and wear plaids on the Rialto, and of the ladies who pose as soubrettes, dye, and pester managers on Broadway.

Uncle Sam likes a kiss occasionally from Miss Britannia, but he doesn't want too much of her.

In view of this international dispute between histrionic Uncle Sam and histrionic John Bull, it may be interesting to reproduce the views of Mr. Tom Robertson on the difference between the way of living of the actors of England and America:

"I have, of course, no personal knowledge of the discomforts of a travelling actor's life in this country, but from what I have heard from many, I believe it is far less comfortable than a similar life at home. The English actor seldom goes to a hotel. There is a system of theatrical lodging-houses extended over pretty nearly the whole country. A couple of actors or a man and wife will have a parlor and bedroom, and the landlady buys their provisions and cooks everything for them. She tries to make them feel at home, and very generally succeeds. The expenses depend, of course, on the rooms selected and personal tastes in the matter of food, but an actor can live well for from \$8 to \$10 a week. Indeed the latter sum would be considered a high figure. We write ahead, and when we arrive, there are, if it is cold weather, a fire in the room and something ready for us to eat. There is no waiting in hotel offices while rooms are assigned to an entire company, or shivering in cold rooms while a fire is being started. To have two rooms to live in here at a hotel would run away with nearly all the salaries received in a majority of cases. In small towns where lodging accommodations are poor or limited, we sometimes go to hotels, but they make liberal rates for a party, and I have stayed at some of the best for about \$10 a week. And that means for two rooms. The English actor would not like to be limited to the public rooms and a little slip of a bedroom. Salaries are certainly higher here, but the increased expenses almost entirely consume the difference. Then our seasons are very much longer. Often they last the whole year round. The summers are not too hot, as a rule, to make theatre-going a pleasure, indeed there are many towns which are not much good except in the summer months. We do not know the miseries of one-night stands; three nights are generally the shortest time we



stay in any place, and that only very rarely. Necessarily our jumps are short and not fatiguing. The English actor is comparatively rarely engaged through an agency, and therefore escapes paying fees and commissions. He addresses or is addressed by managers about engagements. Sometimes an actor will play with one company almost continually for years. I have played 'The Governor' for over three years, with a total intermission of a little more than two months. Salaries run about \$30 for a fair juvenile man, and \$40 for a leading or character actor of equal ability. Old men and women get from \$25 to \$35. Lines of business are not strictly adhered to now, except in companies playing tragedy. The system of playing companies on percentage is about the same as here. The local managers have no London agents and do all their own booking. Royalties for plays are not as high as here, but they are increasing. For 'The Governor' I paid \$120 a week and 10 per cent. of my profits."

I was much interested the other night following Booth and Barrett as they strolled home from the Fifth Avenue theatre. I observed that almost everybody turned around and recognized the tragedians. Booth, short, slight, stooping, was attired in a long black ulster, whose cape covers his head just as it does in "Hamlet" in the grave-yard scene. He had a thin walking stick in his hand. Every now and then he stopped to look in at a window filled with holiday presents. Barrett seemed to be of the opinion, as he walked along, that he owned Booth, but Booth seemed to be unconscious of Barrett's existence. They entered the Hoffman House and ordered drinks.

Pat Rooney has had a successful week at the Third Avenue theatre. Pat is almost as nimble with his wit as he is with his legs. "If time were really money," said he the other day, "the longer a fellow made his creditors wait the more money they would get in the end."

The fact that even so famous a favorite as Nellie Farron was hissed on the night "Frankenstein" was produced in London about a year ago, reminds me of the analysis of a dissatisfied house which Harry Fielding once made. "One man," said he, "hisses out of resentment to the author; a second one of dislike to the house; a third out of dislike to the actor; a fourth out of dislike of the play; a fifth for the joke sake; a sixth to keep the rest company, and the play is damned."

A little hissing in some of our theatres would do a world of good to the cause of decent theatricals.

One of the best plays now on the boards in this city is "Little Lord Fauntleroy," at the Broadway.

Elsie Leslie, who plays the title role, is a marvel of precocious yet natural cleverness, a sympathetic mite who invests the character of the little lord with rare gentleness and nobility. The little lord, born in America and brought by unforseen circumstances to an earldom in England, appeals to all classes, the bootblack with begrimed hands, the miniature duddet with imported niter, the poor cash girl, the young miss nibbling



candies from a bonbonniere.

The cast which supports *Lord Fauntleroy*—Mr. Gilmore, Mr. Mackay, Mr. Parkhurst, Mr. Lamb, Mr. Klein, Miss Elsie Germon, Miss Kathryn Kidder—is of uniform good quality and the stage setting is of artistic beauty and excellent taste.

The play ought to have a long run, and ladies and gentlemen of philanthropic mind could do nothing better than buy a lot of tickets and distribute them among the poor and lowly of the city.

A ticket for *Lord Fauntleroy* will do tenfold more good than a tract for a missionary meeting.

As I listened to some of Elsie Leslie's amusing sayings, I was reminded of a lot more that I had heard here and there.

"Can you and Johnny run to the grocer's for me, Frank, and remember to ask for three pounds of cocoa?"

"Well, I guess I can remember three pounds," answered Master Frank deliberately. "If Johnny will remember cocoa."

And this:

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed little Edith, running into the house nearly out of breath, "there's going to be a marriage deception over to Mrs. Uppum's this evening."

And this:

"Ma, do puns go to heaven, like good little boys do, when they die?"

"No, Johnnie; why do you ask such a silly question?"

"Well, I was wondering whether Jip was always going to have the best of me."

Mike Woolf, who was an actor before he became a cartoonist, tells rather a good story against himself.

"Mr. Woolf, are you never homesick?" a primary school girl once asked him.

"Why?" queried Mike.

"Because you live so far away from your country," answered the little girl. "Mamma told papa at dinner last night you are a Bohemian!"

Patti, nearing the 50-year mark, now plays *Juliet*, they tell us, and looks it. It's wonderful how some actresses keep their complexions in condition. Lotta ascribes her comparative freshness of complexion, I mean—to the fact that she goes to bed regularly and immediately after a performance, and takes crackers and milk instead of chicken salad and champagne. Patti avoids water. Hading hates it. Langtry has the insular love of it. Modjeska is not over fond of it. Patti once said: "It is the regret of my life that I washed my hands as much as I have. See! I have old hands and a young face and throat. Is it not a shame?" It is a fact that every night during her stay at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, a saucer containing a white sponge was placed on the window-sill by her maid, where it was allowed to remain until that little tyrant had had her coffee. In these "tears of heaven" Patti bathed her bright black eyes and used some French cream, especially prepared for her use, on her face and throat.

Marie Jansen swears by baths and exercise. Cora Tanner says she has never applied anything but cold cream and pure powder to her skin. Ellen Terry keeps a basinful of glycerine and rose water on her dressing



table, in which she washes her face, using both hands, and dries with powdered chalk. Bernhardt, in her dressing room, is surrounded with complexion pots, none of which holds over an ounce. In dressing she makes up with her fingers, putting one in white cream for her nose, brow and side face, another in pale pink for her ear lobes, a third in rose paste for her eyelids, a fourth in cherry lip, and other in black that outlines her eyebrows.

Margaret Mather expresses herself thus: "I don't believe in being too prodigal with soap and water. A nice skin is far too delicate and precious to be scrubbed and soaked three times a day. The only way to keep a piece of art-furniture intact is to rub it with a soft cloth saturated with oil, and the beauty of fine crystal and faience is preserved by simply applying a dry wipe. No sane woman ever puts a wet cloth on a dusty bonnet, silk dress or fine cloth cloak. She may brush it or better still, clean the article with a dry towel, and in just the same way she can care for her face. Children and laborers may get their faces dirty, but women seldom, their *bele noire* being a dusty face, which a gentle application of an old handkerchief or soft linen will cleanse. When the soil from exposure to the weather or dust has been removed, dress the face with a lump of cold cream the size of a peanut kernel and powder with a little magnesia or rice flour. While I do not consider powder an indispensable article of toilet, I do know that it is a preventive of tan and sunburn. Cream and powder applied before going out in cold or windy weather will keep the face from getting chapped. It is sufficient to wash the face at the morning bath only, and soap is not necessary oftener than once a week."

William Morris tells me a story about Maurice Barrymore which is rather good.

It appears that when Barrymore played with Modjeska, some years ago, they had in the company a property

man by the name of Charley Kelly, who was occasionally allowed to play small parts. He was a good wrestler, and Barry took quite a fancy to him. Kelly was allowed to play

Curio in "Twelfth Night," and Barrymore dared him one day to break him up in his lines. Kelly didn't avail himself of the invitation for some weeks. One evening, however, when Kelly played the Curio, the following dialogue ensued:

Curio—"Will you go hunt, my lord?"

Duke—"What, Curio?"

Kelly, as Curio, boldly answered:

"Chippies, my lord."

That reply broke Barry up in a wink, and the house burst forth into laughter.

News has been rather scarce this week.

Henrietta Crossman has been engaged as leading lady for John A. Mackay's "A Noble Son" company.

Lizzie Evans is doing booming business West.

Lavinia Shannon was a go, they tell us, in the South.

Florence Ashbrooke, who left the "Twelve Temptations" company last week, will remain in and around New York for some weeks.

Jeannie Winston, the Washington and Baltimore favorite was well received at the Criterion, Brooklyn.

Annie Perkins wears an ash gray wig in "The Corsair," and looks prettier than ever.

Flora Moore and Annie Hart, Ella Wesner, Betsa Gough, are attractions at Pastor's.

Gus Bruno was as successful as ever at Koster and Bial's.

Charley Warren of the "Crystal Slipper" company, has been telling me about Tony Denier, the pantomimist.

"The old clown," says he, "though past fifty, doesn't look it. He lives quietly in Chicago, and when in the humor relates his circus experiences. He lives a regular life. His great

fad is his theatrical library. He has one

of the best in the country. I often came into his room and saw the famous clown poring over some big, old book. Many people think that because a man makes a fool of himself in public he must be the same kind of a fellow in daily life. That's a mistake. Some men in the profession have tastes in private life that you wouldn't suspect from their public performances. Little Tich, the great little eccentric dancer, for instance, what do you suppose is his hobby? Why, the violinello. See, here is a photograph of him playing that instrument, an instrument almost twice as big as himself."

"I was walking down the avenue the other afternoon," said Grace Filkins to me last week, "when I was attracted by a group that gathered about a picture dealer's window. It was a quiet, intent group, and it looked not at great works of art, but at actress' photographs. There is nothing that seems to catch the passing crowd more nowadays than actresses' pictures, and it's very amusing to watch the faces and listen to the comments of the spectators. You often catch more enthusiasm than good grammar or good judgment."

"One of the most distingue faces in the window was that of Marion Hood, of the London Gaiety company. Another pretty face was that of Ida Mullie. I laughed outright when I saw a picture of His Majesty the King of Spain exhibited in the midst of all these pretty women. There isn't one of these ladies who would have claimed him as a son. He is a fat, stolid-looking infant with a vacuous stare. 'Oh, isn't he a sight!' I involuntarily and disrespectfully exclaimed, as I caught sight of his Majesty, and the group joined in my merriment. Modjeska, I noticed, has several of her pictures taken with a ribbon around her neck. For a woman with a scrawny neck there is no worse policy than to beribbon the neck. It draws attention to the defect."

One burlesquer's picture was in the window. The young woman was very scantily dressed, and represented as aiming a gun.

"Say, Cully," remarked one bootblack to another, both spectators in the little group, "that air fink if she misses fire ain't got enough clothes on to do her as waddin' for the next shot of the gun!" ROSEN.

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## KNOCKED OUT.

Jack McAuliffe, the Light-Weight Champion, Easily Conquers "Phenomenon" Sam Collyer.



Jack McAuliffe.

The glove fight in which Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion and holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, contracted to conquer, stop or knock out Sam Collyer, the ex-champion light-weight, who flourished two decades ago, and who in 1876 was dubbed the Baltimore Phenomenon, was decided at Palace Hall, Brooklyn, E. D., on Dec. 17.



After the match was ratified by John Courtney, of Brooklyn, E. D., and E. F. Mallahan, of this city, many believed that Collyer would be able, in spite of his age and the fact that he had served as a soldier through the Rebellion, to stand up successfully for twenty-three minutes, the time six rounds fought by Queensberry rules would occupy, while others who had seen him battle for the light-weight championship in 1877 with Barney Aaron (twice), Johnny McGlade, Billy Kelly and Billy Edwards (three times), did not believe that Collyer would be able to pass through the ordeal without defeat if the light-weight champion he had agreed to face in the arena decided to knock him out.

The affair attracted a large crowd, and among the sporting fraternity and celebrities present were delegations from Baltimore, New Jersey, New York and Brooklyn. Steve O'Donnell was master of ceremonies, and prior to the great event there were several interesting boxing contests and a catch as-catch-can wrestling match.



COLLYER DUCKING A SWINGING RIGHT-HANDER.

Jimmy Carroll, of Brooklyn, and Ed Connors, of New York, opened the ball with a spirited three-round glove contest, in which it was a hard matter to pick the best of the pair.

Next in order was a wrestling match, catch-as-catch-can, between Frank Boyle and John Hennessy, which ended in the latter getting two straight falls. The third and last event prior to the appearance of McAuliffe and Collyer was an interesting bout between Billy Hart, of Brooklyn, and Frank Boyle, of this city.

When the fighters appeared on the stage they were heartily cheered, and both seemed to have many admirers present. Collyer was the first to step into the ring followed by his seconds, Denny Butler and Tom Lees. McAuliffe came in a minute or two later, accompanied by Bob Drew and Billy Madden.



THE KNOCK-OUT BLOW.

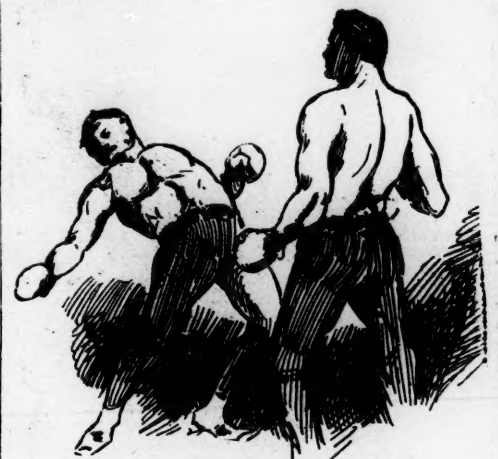
Collyer seemed much the smaller man, although there was only an inch and three-quarters difference in their height and three pounds in weight, McAuliffe,

the heavier man, standing 5 feet 6½ inches and weighing 143 pounds. There was an objection raised by Collyer to McAuliffe wearing kid gloves under his boxing gloves and they were removed.

When time was called the young and the old man faced each other, and many looked for a good fight despite the announcement by Steve O'Donnell, master of ceremonies, "That it would not be a knock out."

Without going into any extensive sparring for an opening McAuliffe simply let go with his left on Collyer's right eye, and repeated it before the old man could recover from his astonishment. It did not take more than half a minute to convince the entire assemblage that there was only one man in the fight, and that was McAuliffe. It was really a pitiable sight to watch the easy manner in which McAuliffe planted both his right and left on poor old Collyer, who had no force in his blows and could not hit McAuliffe when he did let go.

Although there was to be no knock out, an accident occurred, even though the police were present, and in the second round Collyer was knocked out in just twenty-one seconds by a swinging left-hand upper cut full in the face. The punishment Collyer received in the second round was very severe, although 6-ounce gloves were used.



COLLYER DONE FOR.

The contest demonstrated that there is a great difference in the style of boxing at present as compared with that of twenty-five years ago. Collyer was never a scientific boxer, and in nearly every boxing match in which he figured, outside his regular battles, he never displayed much science, but he was just as game and punishing a fighter as ever put on a spiked shoe in a 24-foot ring.

He is now in his forty-eighth year, and no matter how fine his condition may have been, he soon discovered that he had no easy task to perform in encountering McAuliffe, who is acknowledged to be equally as good now as Collyer was in his best days when he fought seven championship battles, defeating Mike Carr, Race Bolster, Barney Aaron, and Johnny McGlade. He also whipped Billy Kelly in 102 rounds, and had a number of other bare-knuckle fights.



MAULIFFE'S ANTAGONIST DOES NOT COME TO TIME.

Collyer was styled a phenomenon in his day, and he held the championship until Barney Aaron in their second battle at Aquia Creek, Va., in 1877, defeated him after a long and desperate battle. Later he was defeated three times by Billy Edwards and forfeited to Edwards.

Collyer's battles for the light-weight championship were with Johnny McGlade, Barney Aaron (twice), Billy Kelly and three battles with Billy Edwards.

The *Daily News*, Dec. 18, says: "Knocks and tremendous blows but merely display the different style of fighting in 1873 and 1878. Such was not the case, however, in the boxing contest at Palace Hall. McAuliffe did his best to put old Sam Collyer to sleep, and in less than two rounds he knocked him senseless, and was declared the winner."

## A BEAUTIFUL WIDOW'S NARROW ESCAPE.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A special from Elizabeth, N. J., to the *New York Press* says: Last night Mrs. Susan Esterly, a widow residing at Elmora, a suburb of Elizabeth, was rudely awakened by a man jumping into her bed. She fought desperately with her assailant and screamed loudly for assistance. The fellow struck her several blows over the head and she became unconscious; but some neighbors who had heard her cries came running in, and he escaped through the window. From the description given by Mrs. Esterly, Sebastian Smith, a farm hand, was arrested and is held. Mrs. Esterly is too weak to go to headquarters to identify him.

## THREW PEPPER IN HER EYES.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Kate Sullivan, a servant employed by H. M. Lyon, a druggist, who lives at No. 346 Bergen avenue, Jersey City, opened the basement door early the other morning to get a pail of milk on the door sill. She was confronted by two tramps. One of them handed her the pail, and as she reached for it the other threw a handful of pepper in her eyes. She was blinded and ran screaming into the house. Before the inmates of the house became aware of what had happened the two tramps secured a cloak and fled.

## HE WILL KNOW BETTER NEXT TIME.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Alfred Ayers, a prominent resident of Dundoff near Scranton, Pa., was ridden about on a rail in that village recently for having been too intimate with a married woman, Mrs. Bobson. Mrs. Bobson's husband has been in Los Angeles, Cal., for several months, having gone there to set up an ice machine for a Carbondale firm. He is a machinist by trade, and an expert in his business. When he left Carbondale a year or more ago

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his wife and family moved to Dundoff, six miles distant, where Mr. Bobson owns property. Ayers became acquainted with the woman, and, it is alleged, has been intimate with her.

On Friday, when Mr. Ayers and Mrs. Bobson returned to Dundoff after such a trip, a committee of citizens is said to have waited upon Ayers and rode him about the village and threatened to give him a coat of tar and feathers, but desisted on account of his pleas for mercy. They then gave him notice to leave the village within twenty-four hours. Ayers went to Carbondale and took a train for the West.

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

The gossip-mongers are agog, says a special from Springfield, Mass., Dec. 15. An especially toothsome morsel of scandal is tickling their palates. Mr. W. S. Gilbert sings about the strange loves of a magnet and a churn, but here is an episode quite as remarkable, and as it happened in real life much more interesting.

Place aux dames! Give the girl a show first. Her name is Emma M. Haggood, fat and nearly forty, and not gifted particularly with good looks, but one of those plump and pleasing every day sort of women whom one continually meets. She is married. Her husband is a prosaic baggage smasher on the Boston and Albany road. So much for the heroine of this scandal.

Now let us trot out the hero. Mr. Horatio W. Southworth is one of the lights of Springfield. He is fast approaching his sixtieth year, and for twenty-five years has been married to a charming, amiable and accomplished lady. He comes from the bluest blood in New England. He moves in the most choice and charmed circles. Never has any one dared to whisper aught against his fair fame. In his church he is a paragon. He is prosperous, too, in a worldly way, his name on a check being good enough for several hundred thousand dollars, he is treasurer of the Southworth Paper Company of Mittineague.

The hero and heroine of this strange tale met on the express train running from this city to Boston, on which the husband of the heroine was engaged in hustling baggage. Mr. Southworth ogled Mrs. Haggood, who in turn cast sheep's eyes in the direction of the worthy treasurer of the paper company. It was a case of love at first sight. The Magnet had encountered the Churn.

So much for the romance of the affair. Now for the stern reality. To-day a common-looking minion of the law trotted consequentially into the paper company, and armed with a blue paper, attached Mr. Southworth's stock in the company to the tune of \$50,000 in a suit brought by the baggage smasher to recover that amount for alienating his wife's affections.

## THEIR "BLACK" BLOOD WAS "RIED."

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

A terrible battle between negroes and white men occurred on Sunday night near Wahalak, a little village on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, fifteen miles from Macon, Miss. Five white men were killed outright and six more were wounded more or less seriously.

The facts of the case are as follows: On Friday last a negro and a white boy got into a fight. The white boy's father attempted to separate them, when he was set upon by the negro boy and his father and terribly beaten. Subsequently the white man swore out a warrant for the negro's arrest, and Constable Seth Cobb went to the negro's house to execute it, when he was attacked by a number of negroes and beaten.

This terrible outrage on an officer of the law aroused the indignation of the few white citizens in the neighborhood, who organized themselves to capture the negro. The posse, numbering twelve, scoured the woods in the vicinity, but without result. Not a trace of him could be found, and it was decided by the posse to act in a body and surround his premises. They had proceeded only a few miles in the direction of the negro's house when from an ambush came a deadly volley. About fifty well armed negroes composed the mob. Five white men were killed and six were wounded.

## "GOOD-BYE, MY PAPA."

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

John M. Doremus, who murdered his son, was executed in the Hackensack, N. J., Jail on the morning of Dec. 18. Just prior to his execution his wife, in mourning for the son he murdered; her 13-year-old daughter Fanny, and his aunt, Hester Doremus, were admitted to the jail for a final interview.

The two women cared him and wept, but he was perfectly calm. His little daughter, crying as if her heart would break, stood one side looking from one to another.

"God bless you, good-bye," he said to the women at parting. But the girl he gathered close to his breast and fondled, as if he would pour forth all the love of his heart for her to take away.

"Oh, papa, papa; good-bye, my papa," the little one cried, as her mother took her hand and led her out. The big door clanged behind them, and they saw him next in his coffin.

## HOW THEY GOT TO THE PARSON'S.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

The recent heavy and continued rainfall has caused considerable damage and much inconvenience in this section, says a special from Litchfield, Conn. Many roads are about impassable. Travel on foot is out of the question, and that by team is attended with much peril.

A young couple on their way to the parson's to be married were confronted by a torrent so deep and swift that their horse could not be induced to attempt the passage. But the hardy, long-legged son of the Nutmeg State was not to be daunted or turned from his purpose. Leaving his team in charge of friends, he took his blushing bride-elect on his broad back, and half wading and half swimming, reached the other side in safety, when the happy pair, hand in hand continued their journey as though nothing unusual had occurred.

## SAMUEL S. FORD.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Samuel S. Ford, a young forger of Kankakee, Ill., on Tuesday, Dec. 5, it is alleged, presented checks aggregating \$23,000 on the banks of that city and had them cashed. He went from there on same day, it is further alleged, to Champaign and pulled in \$3,000 there in the same way. The checks purported to be drawn by F. W. Harvey, of Chicago, on the American Exchange National Bank of Chicago, and certified to by the cashier, R. M. Orr. Ford also, it is said, swindled a number of persons out of various small sums borrowed from them.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Robert M. Budd.

Better known as "Back Number" Budd, a sobriquet he derived in consequence of his hobby for collecting, assorting and selling of back numbers of leading daily and weekly papers, in which business he has been very successful. His place of business is at Broadway and Thirty-third street, and he has a large fire-proof warehouse at Ravenswood, L. I., where he has a stock of over 4,000,000 copies of different publications stored. He defies competition, and will pay \$100 for the address of any man who carries one third the stock he does. He is patronized by some of the best-known men of the age, Jake Sharpe having been a customer of him during the trial of the boudler. It is needless to say that Back Number Budd was the sole originator of the peculiar business which he has developed to such great proportions.

## Annie Connors.

A recent special from St. Louis, Mo., says: "The police of this city have arrested a female swindler who is supposed to be none other than the famous confidence queen, Mrs. Hudson, who some three years ago victimized New York and Boston merchants, and tried to drag a young Brooklyn clergyman into the scandal."

## Samuel Moores.

The champion 136-pound catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the world, was born in Macaulsfield, Cheshire, England, Oct. 5, 1862. His portrait will be seen on another page. He has met and defeated some of the best men in the world, including Faulkner and Bibby, and now wants to meet Faulkner again for \$1,000 a side, or any other man in the world at 128 to 136 pounds for a reasonable amount of money.

## Benny Jones.

The champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the world at his weight, 113 to 120 pounds, was born at Warrington, Cheshire, England, Aug. 27, 1868. His portrait will be seen in this issue on another page. He has eighteen winning matches, one draw and four losing contests with the best men in England as a record. He is open to wrestle any man in the world from 113 to 120 pounds for \$1,000 a side.

## P. Messenger.

The ex-champion long-distance bicycle rider and well-known trainer and athlete, was born in New York in 1843. Messenger was the first man who rode a velocipede in the United States, and the first in the world to ride a long distance (100 miles) on a velocipede, a feat which took place at the Empire Rink in New York on April 28, 1863. Time, 8 hours and 20 minutes, on a 42-inch Pickering machine. He rode 500 miles in 50 hours at the Central Rink in New York, June, 1868. He retired from athletic sports in 1878. He has lately opened a house at 24 Greenwich street, this city, and named it the Greenwich Assembly Rooms.

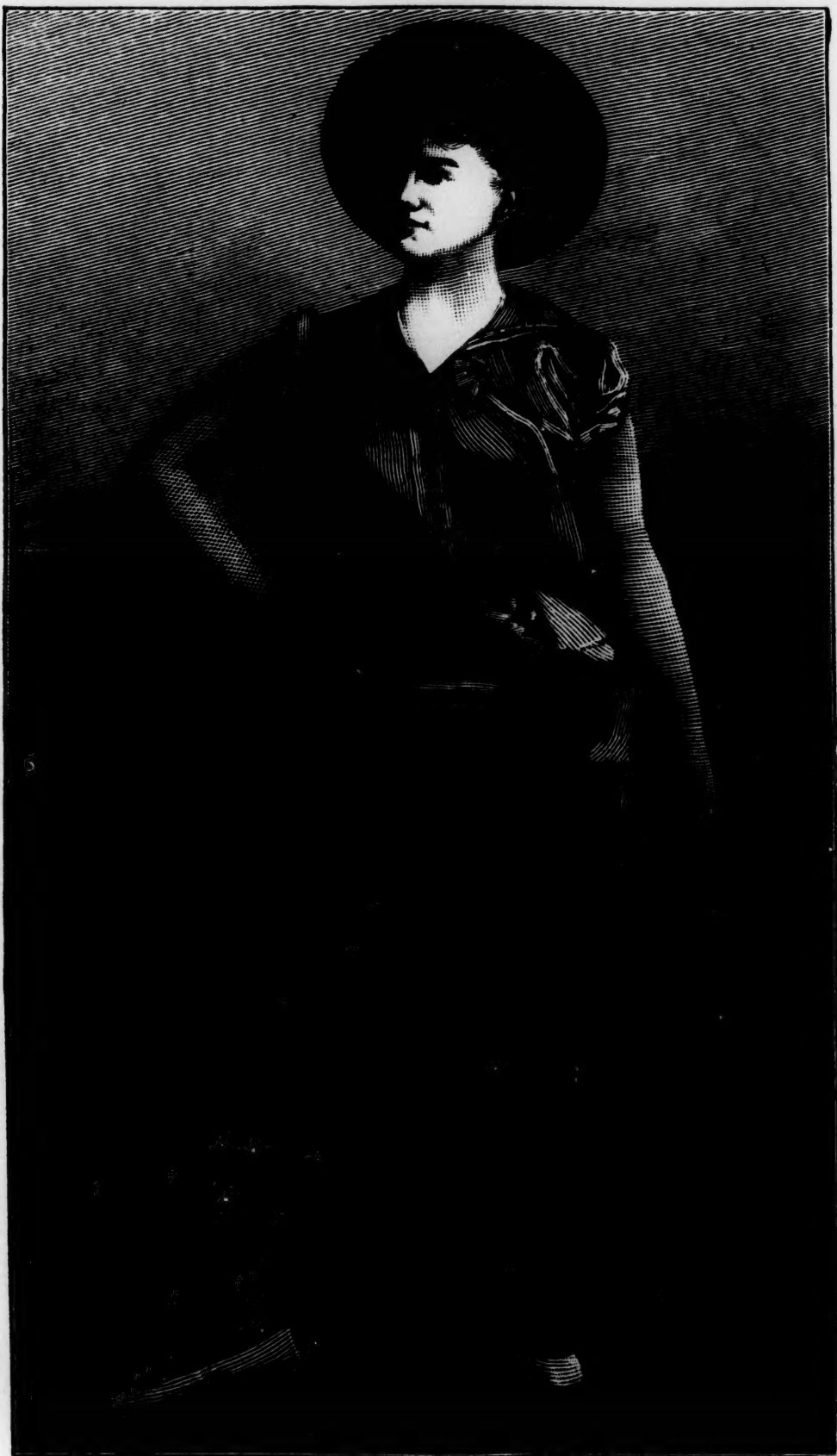
## C. C. Johnson.

Detective E. E. Johnson left for Rochester, N. Y., recently with a request from Governor Larrabee of Iowa for the transfer of C. C. Johnson, who is under arrest in that city, by order of Chief Jarvis. Johnson is wanted at Des Moines, Ia., for forgeries committed there and at Jefferson a year or more ago. He is claimed to have swindled Daniel O. Finch out of \$700, the Shaver Wagon Company lost \$1,100 through him, and the Des Moines Buggy Company are also losers. Beside the Des Moines people who donated without their consent to the welfare of Johnson, several people at Jefferson are said to have been swindled by him by his own peculiar methods. The whole amount obtained by his crooked operations is placed at about \$8,000.

## Peter Jackson.

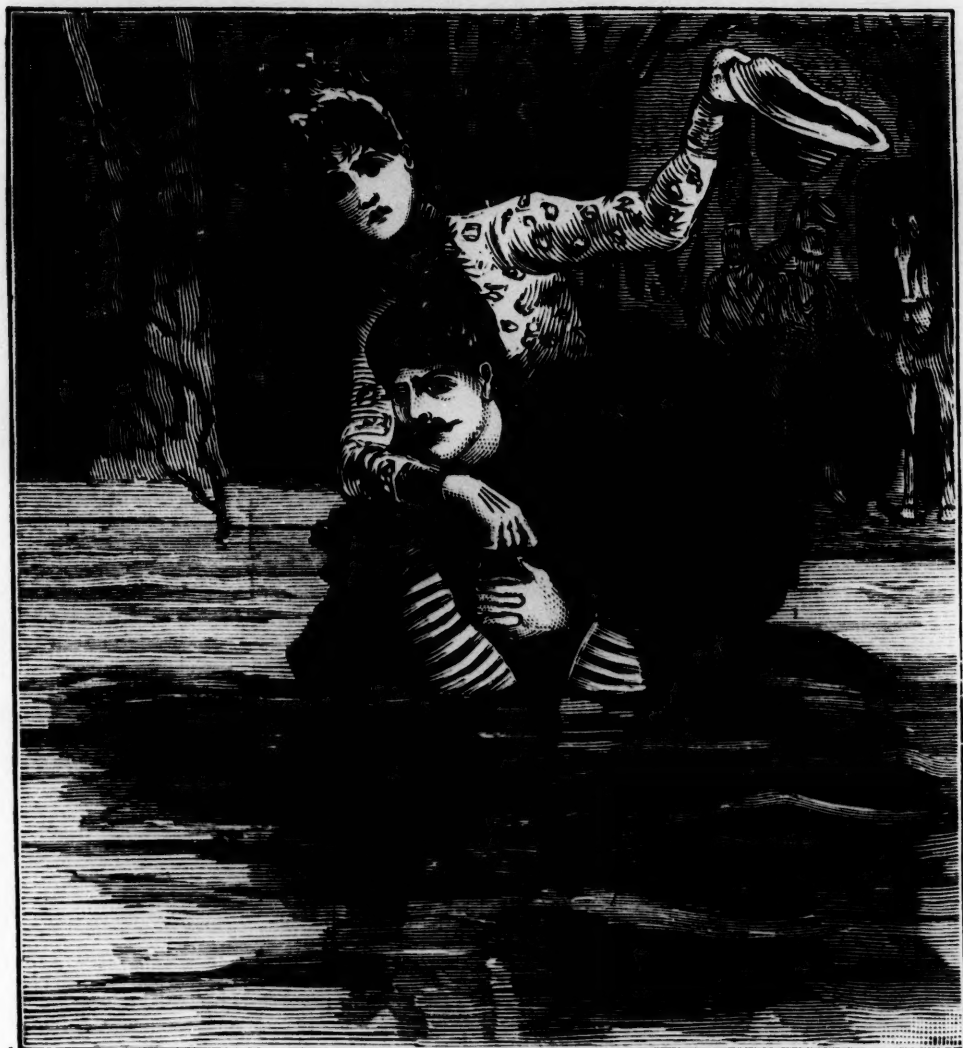
The famous colored pugilist, champion of Australia, who is matched to fight Joe McAuliffe, the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific slope, in the California Athletic Club for a purse of \$3,000, was born in the West Indies in 1861. He fought his first battle five years ago at Foley's Hall, Sydney, with Jack Hayes, which ended in a draw. He subsequently whipped Hayes in a seven-round fight. He defeated Sam Bitten in twenty minutes, and was himself shortly after defeated by Farnham in seven minutes. A second match between the two ended in a draw. Jackson next met and whipped one Dooley in three rounds, winning £100. Jackson then fought Tom Lees. They fought at Foley's Hall, Melbourne, and Jackson won in thirty rounds. The stakes were £400 and Queensberry rules governing. His last battle was with George Godfrey at San Francisco whom he easily defeated. Jackson is now matched to fight Joe McAuliffe, of San Francisco for a \$3,000 purse.

As an advertising medium, the *POLICE GAZETTE* is unrivalled in the United States. It goes everywhere and is read by every one. Rates may be had on application.



ELSIE GEROME,

A PRETTY, DASHING AND POPULAR BURLESQUER, SINGER AND DANCER.



HOW THEY GOT TO THE PARSON'S.

THE METHOD A LOVING YOUNG LITCHFIELD, CONN., COUPLE, BENT ON GETTING SPLICED, TOOK TO OVERCOME A FORMIDABLE OBSTACLE.



PERCY HUNTING,

A CHARACTER ACTOR OF EXCELLENT METHOD AND POWERFUL PERSONALITY.



HE WILL KNOW BETTER NEXT TIME.

HOW ALFRED AYERS, A PROMINENT RESIDENT OF DUNDOFF NEAR SCRANTON, PA., WAS PUNISHED FOR ALLEGED INTIMACY WITH MRS. BOBSON.



THE SHOE WAS LOADED.

WHILE FITTING A PRETTY YOUNG LADY CUSTOMER WITH FOOTWEAR, AN EASTON, PA., CLERK MAKES AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY.



THEIR "BLACK" BLOOD WAS "RILED."

BLOODY BATTLE BETWEEN NEGROES AND WHITE MEN NEAR WAHALAK, MISS., IN WHICH FIVE WHITE MEN WERE BUTCHERED.



THREW PEPPER IN HER EYES.

TWO TRAMPS PERPETRATE AN OUTRAGE ON A PRETTY SERVANT GIRL IN JERSEY CITY, N. J.



SHOT ON HIS COFFIN.

LYMAN FUSLEE, THE MURDERER OF HIS BROTHER, EXPIATES HIS CRIME NEAR USHKAOMMA, I. T.



SHE HELD HIS LEGS.

HOW PLUCKY MRS. BROPHY OF NEW YORK CITY, SECURED A BURGLAR CAUGHT IN HER APARTMENTS.



C. C. JOHNSON,

FIDLER AND FORGER, WANTED BY THE DES MOINES, IA., POLICE, RECENTLY ARRESTED AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.



SAMUEL S. FORD,

A KANKAKEE, ILL., YOUNG MAN CHARGED WITH FORGING CHECKS ON A CHICAGO BANK.



ANNIE CONNORS,

SUPPOSED TO BE THE FAMOUS CONFIDENCE QUEEN, MRS. HUDSON, AND LATELY ARRESTED AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

# POT PIE,

WITH TABASCO SAUCE.

MRS. BROWNING'S LEG.

Miss Caldwell's Valet  
and Mr. Harriss's  
Portrait.

A PREDATORY PRINCE.

Kansas City's Modest Foreign  
Aristocrat.

HUGH MAXWELL'S SUCCESSOR.

There are some people who believe that marriage is a failure and some who believe that marriage is a success. Among the former I should imagine to be Mrs. Clementine Browning, of this city, whose suit for divorce is now under consideration before a referee, and, taking one consideration with another, I don't think any reasonable person will blame Mrs. Clementine Browning for her pessimistic views of the conjugal state.

Mrs. Clementine Browning was in her maiden state a Miss Briggs. She was the only daughter of a comfortable New York family and a beauty in her special circle.

One day Miss Briggs set out, as ladies occasionally will, upon a shopping expedition. What, with her beauty and her pocketbook, she carried all before her till she encountered a brewer's wagon. The driver and his assistant had been sampling the beverage they delivered so frequently that they were quite oblivious to feminine charms, and they calmly ran over Miss Clementine Briggs and smashed her right leg all to little bits.

What was left of Miss Briggs was rescued by a sympathetic crowd, while the brewer's wagon rattled merrily along on its mangling, maiming and murdering way towards the brewery. Fortunately for Miss Briggs, as the sequel proved, a bystander was thoughtful enough to make a note of the name emblazoned on the wagon. The name of this bystander was Clarence Throckmorton Browning, and he filled the responsible position of cashier in a Sixth avenue eating house.

When Miss Briggs came to herself she was extended on a hospital bed, feeling very curiously indeed. She expressed a desire to return home to her papa and her mamma, and the nurse promised that she should, bye and bye. Meanwhile, the nurse undertook to summon her papa and her mamma to their daughter's bedside, and duly did so.

To make a long story short, in brief, for several months Miss Briggs was confined to the hospital and the house by circumstances beyond her control, and when she next went shopping she supported her shattered frame on a pair of handsome crutches, which, in due time, was exchanged for a symmetrical and elegantly constructed cork leg.

The brewer, in view of certain representations made to him by Miss Briggs' attorney, backed by the evidence of Mr. Clarence Throckmorton Browning and others, compensated the young lady for the deprivation his negligent employees had subjected her to with a check for \$10,000, with which to keep herself supplied with cork legs for the rest of her natural life. On this comfortable fortune Miss Briggs commenced life anew, a little short in her natural qualifications and a little longer in her commercial ones.



A CONVENIENT OBJECT WITH WHICH TO BEAT HIS WIFE.

A couple of years later, one Clarence Throckmorton Browning succumbed to Miss Briggs' charms, or those of her bank account, and made her Mrs. Browning.

The Brownings went to live in a flat, and Mr. Browning went into business on Mrs. Browning's money. While Mrs. Browning's money lasted, their domesticity appears to have been pleasant enough. With the waning of her bank account, however, a change came over the complexion of the scene, and now she wants the law to rid her of a spouse whose fidelity she alleges to have been far from immaculate, and whose treatment of her she claims to have been cruel in the extreme.

There are some odd features of Mrs. Browning's affidavit in her own behalf. One charges that her husband was in the habit of depriving her of her jury limb, so that she could not follow him and discover his movements of a night. Another avers that he even carried this mechanical member into the apartment of another lady in the house, upon whom he lavished the affection he should have bestowed upon his wife. A servant of this person testifies to having seen Mr. Browning with his frail companion in his lap, and his wife's cork leg lying on the mantelpiece, a silent witness to his scandalous inconstancy. One of Mrs. Browning's own servants swears to having seen Mr. Browning beating his wife with this same convenient object. Altogether Mr. Browning seems to have made pretty general use of his wife's artificial member.

The likelihood is that Mrs. Clementine Browning will secure the legal freedom she petitions for, and that in the future Mr. Browning will make his evening calls with an ordinary walking-stick.

In order to be a lady of fashion nowadays it is imperatively necessary that you should have a valet. Ladies' maids are all very well in their way, but you must, if you desire to be *degage*, have a valet as well. Sometimes, it appears, the valet is likely to have you.

This is about the state of the case with Miss Mary Gwendoline Caldwell, a young spinster of wealth who resides at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Miss Caldwell is a lady of fashion, and consequently has—or had—a valet.

His name was Finegan, with one N. Noble name to devote itself to the service of so fair a mistress as Miss Mary Gwendoline Caldwell!

Finegan's avocations (with one N) as a valet were of the most responsible order, and for them he received, or was to receive, a salary of \$45 a month. For a lady's valet, and of the name of Finegan, with one N, \$45 a month would seem to most reasonable people to be dirt cheap. Nevertheless, according to Valet Finegan's (with one N) assertions, Miss Mary Gwendoline Caldwell considered it too much, and declined to pay him anything at all.

This is why Valet Finegan (with one N) sued Miss Mary Gwendoline Caldwell in the City Court of New York.

I should advise Miss Mary Gwendoline Caldwell to settle up with Valet Finegan, with one N. It does not pay a wealthy spinster to quarrel with a valet of the name of Finegan, with one N, on such a trifling matter as a year's wages, more or less.

A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, they say, and I am sure Miss Mary Gwendoline Caldwell is neither blind nor a horse.

Some women are flirts. Some women are artists. Miss Nellie Berchen of Chicago is, by all advices, a combination of both.

Nellie is a painter. She is also a painter of portraits. Her atelier has enshrined some of the leading citizens of Chicago, who came to her as sitters, and one of these was her next neighbor, Mr. James H. Harris.



SHE KEPT A WATCHFUL EYE ON HER WAYWARD HUSBAND.

James was the general manager of a stone company. Though he dealt in iron he had no iron in his heart. He gazed upon his fair neighbor at her easel. The gold of her canary-colored hair dazzled his susceptible eyes. Amorous yearnings awoke within him and he forgot that he was a married man.

He began by having Nellie paint his portrait. He wound up by painting the town red with her. They had, if Mrs. Harris is to be believed, the most altitudinous species of an ancient date on record. But Chicago is a rapid and ambitious town, you know.

When they got tired of decorating Chicago in crimson they went off to Duluth, Milwaukee and elsewhere and did it all over again. And all the while they were doing it Mrs. Harris was keeping her eagle eye on them.

While they were in Chicago she kept it on them from the window of a room across the way from the ariforous tressed Nellie's studio. From this post of vantage she surveyed their tender dalliance and their mutual caresses. And when she got good and mad she went into court and told the Judge all about it.

There is a cold and cruel chasm open in the Harris family of Chicago. As for Nellie, she paints portraits yet, and several married men of the Queen City of the Lakes are said to be very uneasy in their shoes.

As King Henry says in the play which Mr. Ignatius Donnelly says was written by Lord Bacon:

"Suspicion ever haunts the guilty mind;  
The thief does fear each bush an officer."

The conservators of the public morals in New York are making a determined raid on the French balls this winter, and threaten to put an end to them altogether. Whether they succeed in doing so or not remains to be seen.

The French balls are not by any means what they used to be, and were, indeed, dying a natural death, when these "unco guid" people gave them a fresh lease of life by their first raid upon them a couple of years ago.

The very best way to popularize anything with the

public is to declare it improper for the public to indulge in it. Eve would never have eaten the apple if she had not been forbidden to do so.

The cancan will be danced in New York this winter



THE CANCAN IN ALL ITS GLORY.

as usual, simply because New Yorkers are forbidden to dance it. And you and I will be on hand to see it danced.

Kansas City is an enterprising town. When it comes to a finish it can hold its end up with Cleveland or Chicago, and it does not take a back seat for New York without a protest. Consequently New York, Chicago and Cleveland having lately enjoyed the society of the Brummagem nobility it is but natural that Kansas City should come to the front with an example in the same line.

The Kansas City aristocrat was not exactly a lord, but, according to his own representations, he was a lord's son, which is nearly as good. He called himself by the pretty name of Frank Wilford, and stated that he was an outcast from home in consequence of having led a wayward life while young.

Whatever his social condition may have been at home, it is certain that he was in receipt of some regular remittances from England, and, unlike the usual English lord in America, he did not aspire to the distinguished consideration of society.

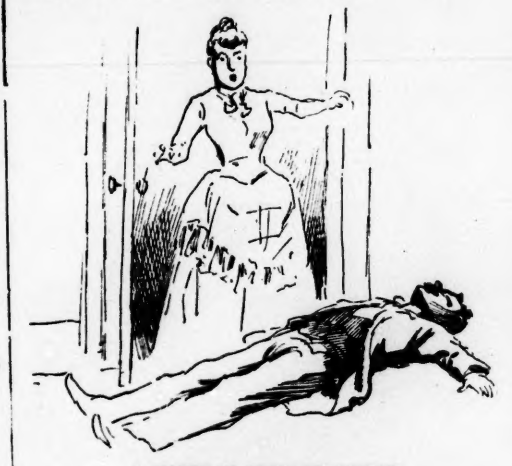
He was content to groom horses and clean out a stable for a living, and instead of playing for the hand

friendship sprang up between them, and as they were both going to St. Louis they agreed to put up at the same boarding-house.

Nothing out of the way transpired for a time, and



everyone in the house thought that the two men were the very best of friends. And so they were. One night, however, Wendover performed a not altogether friendly act toward Gebau by treating him to a drink of drugged liquor, and by relieving him of his watch, money, and some of his clothes, as well.



A VICTIM OF DRUGGED LIQUOR.

After that night nothing was seen of either of the men, until two days later. Then the landlady of their boarding house, becoming suspicious, started up stairs to look into their rooms.

Wendover's room was vacant, nor was there any evidence that he had slept there for several nights. When she went to inspect Gebau's room, though, she found the door locked and bolted; but heard the heavy breathing of a man inside. Calling assistance, the door was broken open, and there, outstretched on the floor, with a sickening scum about his mouth, lay Gebau, apparently in the last struggles of death.

Medical aid was summoned, and by prompt administration of an antidote the patient was brought around all right.

The police were at once put on the track of Wendover, upon whom the suspicion rested, and he was quickly caught and jailed.

He is a native of St. Louis, and his parents are well-to-do. About six months ago he was charged with passing forged checks. He says he doesn't know Gebau, and defies the police to do their worst with him.

The police, on their part, promise that they will do it, and St. Louis is getting ready for another sensational trial to divert its leisure time with.

Bogus lords, who practice the arts of the swell mob, are not uncommon these days in America. But real princes who turn swell noblemen are a rarity. One of these is on deck in New York just now.

He was first heard of in connection with a very hairy and greasy second-hand nobleman whom the boys about town knew as the Marquis de Leadville, with whom he had a row in Hyde Park over a lady who is far too good for either of such frauds to be allowed to wait upon. Next he appeared here as a suitor for the hand of the divorced wife of a dirty Union Club man, whose husband was, not many years ago, the hero of the greatest and foulest club scandal America has ever known. And now he is before the holiday public with a fresh claim for their attention.

After having done the German police service for a couple of years for fraud, Prince Eristoff seems to have got into similar trouble in England and to have, indeed, not made his expedition to America until he had pretty well used Europe up. His journey to the West is, apparently, the result of his last gasp in the chances of respectability. He had his recourse to in desperation, as the gambler might play his last card.

When he arrived here, without money and without friends, he made an immediate break for fortune.

Society received him with open arms, of course. His title was a sufficient guarantee of this.

The German minister gave a grand dinner to this felon of the Prussian prisons, and all the snobs at Lenox and at Newport got down on their knees in the mud to do him honor. He had no money, but found men ready to lend him plenty. And when he generously dropped his handkerchief at the feet of the ex-wife of the Union Club man, she was only too ready to pick it up.

"Another Hamersley-Marlborough affair," said the know-it-alls.

By some odd chance, however, the match was broken off at the very moment when people expected it to be consummated, and the Prince appeared in the market again. But he was not destined to waste his princely sweetness on a desert or unappreciative air.

Our female aristocracy is groveling in the dust at his feet, and it is only a question of pick and choose in him. If he escapes the police until spring he is certain to carry an American wife and an American fortune back to the old country with him.

This is a great country for men who speculate in stocks or the vanity of our republican aristocracy.

A book baited with the promise of money easily gained, or the gilt edged guarantee of a title, never fails to find a conning victim to swallow it the moment it is dropped in the social pool. And the more hooks there are to be swallowed the more victims there are to swallow them.

HI FLYER.

## NAUGHTY MAN.

Pretty Pauline Hall's Domestic Troubles--The Lady's Allegations

IN HER SPICY DIVORCE SUIT.

Marriage Vows Violated--What the Husband Says About It.

"YOU'RE ANOTHER."

"Is marriage a failure?" If this question, now something of a chestnut, were addressed to Pauline Hall, the Casino songstress, or to her husband, Edmund R. White, whom she is now suing for a separation, the answer would probably be that marriage was the most dismal failure imaginable. The trouble between the fair warbler and Husband White is one of long standing. The lady claims that her husband has never contributed a cent toward her support since they were married, but that, on the other hand, she has supported him at different periods, and that he has been so ungrateful for the kindness which she has shown toward him that he has violated his marriage vows, and has been intimate, much too intimate, with other women. The first step that was taken in the matter was on August 27, 1887. On that date Howe & Hummel, counsel for the wife, filed her complaint in the county clerk's office, New York city, and then obtained an order from Judge Donohue to have the summons served by publication, as the defendant was outside of the jurisdiction of the court. Lawyer Anway, after consulting with his client, Husband White, answered the complaint (which had been served on him in the meantime). In his answer he charged the plaintiff with infidelity and named a prominent Wall street man as her companion. Howe & Hummel asked an extension of time in which to reply, and it was granted. They failed to communicate any reply, however, and after waiting three months Lawyer Anway got out an order compelling them to reply at once. In March, 1888, Howe & Hummel answered these charges of infidelity by saying, "You're another," for in their answer they charge the defendant with being intimate with certain women in London.

The case was placed on the Supreme Court calendar, and a motion was made to appoint a commission to take testimony in London. The motion was granted, and since then several lawyers on the other side of the water have been busy in pumping unwilling witnesses. Pauline Hall (Mrs. White), nee Pauline Frederica Schmidgall, is one of the most symmetrically formed women on the American stage, and her stately manner and graceful poses have gained for her the title so often associated with her name--statuesque. In height she is a little above the medium, and her complexion is dark. Her eyes are brown, and she has abundant hair of the same shade. She is a good singer and a fair actress, and she has written articles for several magazines and newspapers. According to her story, she was travelling through the West with her company in 1878, and while in San Francisco met White, who was then engaged in a mining scheme. They were soon on terms of friendship, which ripened into what they thought was love. White followed his lady-love around from place to place, and in February, 1881, Miss Hall met him in St. Louis. They thought they might as well be married then as at any other time, and so they went to a Justice of the Peace and had the knot tied. The fact of the marriage was kept very quiet, and only a few of their most intimate friends were aware of what had taken place.

Pauline continued to use her stage name. She also remained in her profession, and how well she has succeeded is well known. According to the actress, White gave her to understand when they were married that he was pretty well off financially, but she soon discovered that this was untrue. He had some money at one time, but lost it in speculation. White, after marrying the fair Pauline, acted the part of a man of leisure. Soon after the ceremony he left his bride and went West in the hope of obtaining a situation as mining superintendent. He stayed away several months, and then rejoined his wife in New York. When he returned he was more of a gentleman than ever. He did nothing toward supporting himself or wife, but made the latter take care of them both. He subsequently left her, and it was reported that he had made \$25,000 by fortunate speculation, but Pauline claims that it was no more than \$2,000, and claims that even that sum was made by the use of money belonging to her. She had gone on the road, and he took apartments in the Brunswick. Here he entertained his friends in right royal style until his money was exhausted and then he left. The next that was heard of him was in Europe. From statements now in possession of her London lawyers, Miss Hall hopes to prove that Mr. White is a drunkard and "an about town."

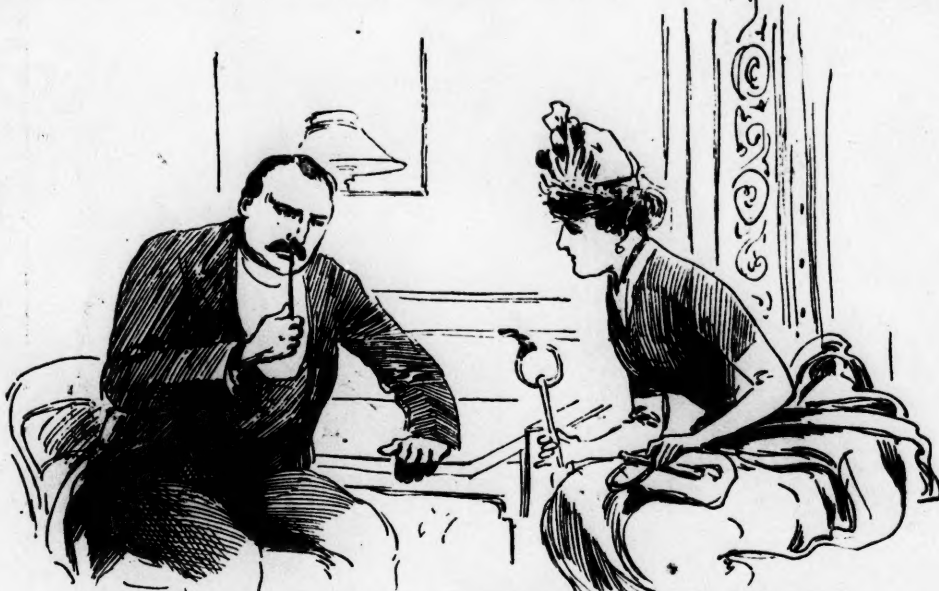
She claims to have the statement of two women, Mrs. Thorn and Lena Birdsall, that will prove his infidelity. The Thorn and Birdsall women were formerly pretty well known, both in this city and in New Orleans. The defendant, Edmund R. White, is represented by Lawyer Wilmore Anway, of 50 Wall street, who is not in the country at present, but he is understood to be on his way here, and his arrival is expected every day. He is described as being tall and handsome. He has blue eyes, light beard and a solid, compact look about him, which would make one think the second time before tackling him. He is perhaps thirty-four years of age, has always been engaged in the mining business, and in fact it is said that he now represents large mining interests both in this country and in England. He denies that he ever called on his wife for support, or that he abandoned her. He says he

parted with her in February, 1887, before leaving for England, on the very best of terms. He even went to Boston to bid her goodbye, and there was nothing unpleasant between them at that time.

During the same year, he says, he happened to be in the Hotel Metropole, in London, one day, when he heard certain stories concerning the Casino singer, which he says he couldn't believe were true. He decided to come to America at once and get at the truth

traveled with it. Her duties consisted in posing in the tableaux, in the street parades and driving a chariot during the performance indoors. Next she appeared as a chorus girl in the Alice Gates company, until she got a chance to appear in minor roles in a piece called "Folly."

Then she joined Mary Anderson's company, and for a short time disported herself in the legitimate drama. Becoming wearied of playing heavy roles, she returned



SHE BECAME STAGE STRUCK AND APPLIED FOR A POSITION IN THE BALLET.

in the matter, but he was prevented from so doing by important business. So he sent his brother over, and what he heard through his brother pained him deeply. His brother, he says, heard stories in which his wife, an uptown flat, a rich old broker and the broker's son were the factors. It was said that the broker, who is pretty well known in society, was paying great attention to the fair songstress, and he it was who paid for the handsome bouquets of roses which were nightly handed over the Casino footlights to Miss Hall. Some time later White was in London, when he got a letter saying that he had been sued for a separation, and the summons had been served by publication. He

to a lighter form of entertainment, and in 1883 she played with Rice's "Surprise Party," in "Pop" and pieces of a similar character. Early in the winter of 1884 Miss Hall appeared in the Bijou Opera House, in this city. She created the role of Venus in "Orpheus and Eurydice," and was a great success until the following spring, when she went on the road. On May 6, the same year, she returned and appeared at the Bijou, opening in the part of Hassan in "Bluebeard." When Niblo's opened on the 18th day of August, Miss Hall appeared in the play of "The Seven Ravens." The play was a spectacular production, and she had a singing part. During the season she smashed many a



"THEY WERE SOON ON TERMS OF FRIENDSHIP."

sent word to his lawyer to answer the complaint, and he came to New York and stayed until the answer was filed. This was about a year ago. After his answer was filed he left the city, going to London, and has not yet returned.

Pauline Hall was born in Cincinnati in 1860, or thereabouts, and is now about twenty-eight years old. Her father was Dr. Schmidgall, an apothecary. In 1875, when Pauline was about fifteen years old, she was a tall, well formed and beautiful girl. She became stage struck, and finally got a position in the ballet of a piece then running in Robinson's Opera House, under the management of Col. R. E. J. Miles. There she re-

little dandel's heart, and when she left many a tear was shed over her departure.

On February 5, 1886, Miss Hall joined Townsend Percy's "Ixiom" company, playing at the Comedy (now Dockstader's) Theatre, and on April 2 she made her German speaking debut in "Die Feldermans," at the Thalia Theatre. In May of the same year she appeared at the Park Theatre, Boston, with Nat C. Goodwin in "Bottom's Dream." Then Rudolph Aronson got hold of Miss Hall and put her on the boards at the Casino, where she has been almost ever since. At the Casino she has played in "Nanon," and in 1886 she created the title role in "Erminie." Since then she has been play-



BEGINNING OF PAULINE'S DRAMATIC CAREER.

mained for some time, until she went to the Grand Opera House in the same city, also under Col. Miles' direction. Shortly afterward, when Col. Miles put his America's Racing Association and Hippodrome on the road, Pauline accepted a situation with the show and

ing this character almost constantly, and at the present time is on the road with one of the Casino companies playing in that opera. Miss Hall is expected to be in town when the suit is tried, and Mr. White is now on his way here. According to White's story they were friends when they last parted, and it will be interesting to watch them when they next come together in the court room.

As an advertising medium, the POLICE GAZETTE is unrivalled in the United States. It goes everywhere and is read by everyone. Rates may be had on application.

## HE WAS A BAD MAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A mysterious man with a dark face, a heavy black moustache, who sometimes wears a big, soft, black hat and at other times a Scotch cap, dressed in a long gray overcoat, which has a collar big enough to cover his ears when it is turned up, is terrorizing Hyde Park, a suburb of Chicago, Ill. His actions are clearly those of an insane man, and it is believed that his reason has been turned by the atrocities of the Whitechapel murderer. While Miss Hulda Johnson was returning to her home the other night from the residence of James W. Cooper, where she is employed, she was assaulted by this mysterious personage. The man asked if he might accompany her home. His actions were peculiar to those of an insane man. He spoke almost incoherently, and seemed to be intensely nervous. Miss Johnson, who has not sufficiently mastered the English language to understand the import of the man's words, hurried to the center of the other track. The man became more vehement in his importunities. The girl started to run away, when her "shadow" seized her by the arm and placed the muzzle of a revolver against her face. Miss Johnson now divined the man's intentions. Standing in the middle of the roadway, she dealt the fellow a terrific blow in the face and sent him sprawling upon the snow. Then she started to run with all her might and succeeded in getting beyond his reach.

## DANCERS IN PERIL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Lost Creek Hall, at Drifton, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., was destroyed Thursday evening by fire. A ball was in progress at the time, and the fact that all of the merry-makers escaped with their lives seems little short of miraculous. About an hour after dancing started a stifling cloud of smoke swept into the ballroom. A cry of "Fire!" was raised, while a mad rush was being made for the doors. Every one seemed to lose his head. As a result of the crush the banisters gave way and a dozen people fell to the ground. Their injuries for the most part consist of slight contusions. In the wild scramble several ladies were thrown down and trampled upon.

## THE KNOT WAS TIED ALL THE SAME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

During a marriage ceremony near Culpepper, Va., between Miss Sallie Hart and A. M. Nelson, the ever-green decorations took fire from a candle. In a few minutes the cedar was blazing, and the contracting parties stood under an arch of fire. The bride paled somewhat, but the groom whispered encouragement, and the minister completed the ceremony, though he was flying about them in every direction. Many of the guests, however, fled, and when the bride and groom marched from the church the male wedding attendants went to work and extinguished the fire.

## THEY GOT HILARIOUSLY FULL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A correspondent from Jamestown, N. Y., sends us an account of an alleged very loud performance indulged in by several young male and female members of a well society in that town in a summer hotel near Jamestown. The illustration on another page sufficiently suggests the character of the affair without further mention of details. It is said the originator of the party is one of the most prominent politicians in Jamestown.

## A DIVORCED MAN'S DASTARDLY ACT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Herman Luther, a divorced man, had a dispute in a real estate office at Detroit, Mich., with his former wife and attempted to murder her. The enraged Luther drew a revolver and levelled it at his wife. She, with a quick jump toward the steps, stumbled and rolled down to the sidewalk. Just then the report of a pistol was heard, but the bullet sped harmlessly over her head. Much indignation was created by Luther's dastardly act, and he barely escaped lynching.

## THE SHOE WAS LOADED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A customer in the shoe store of J. O. Wolslayer, at Easton, Pa., noticing that an obstruction prevented her pulling on a shoe, informed the clerk, and an investigation brought forth a small purse containing two negotiable notes, together worth \$1,250. They were made payable to Mrs. Mary Smith. Mrs. Smith was hunted up and the notes returned to her.

## MR. ROWAN MADE RICH.

He Tells of His Recent Drawing in The Louisiana State Lottery.

One of the fortunate holders of the winning ticket that drew the capital prize of \$300,000 at the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery was Mr. Rowan, of 202 South Third street, this city. His share was one-twentieth of the whole amount, or \$15,000.

Mr. Rowan, at the time of his good fortune, was a ship carpenter employed at the St. Louis Sectional Docks, but has since retired, and is now engaged in no particular business. He said to a *Star-Sayings* reporter last night: "I have worked hard all my life, and now intend to invest my money in real estate, for myself and mother to live on."

He stated also that the money was turned over to him within six days after the drawing, and that he had no difficulty in securing it.

He added that it was several days before he learned of his good fortune, and that, being away from home, every member of his family was looking for him in order to inform him of the fact of his having won part of the capital prize.

Mr. Rowan added that he has been buying lottery tickets ever since the Louisiana State Lottery has been in existence, which has been since 1888, when the capital prize was \$9,000 and single tickets cost \$2. He has had varying luck since he began patronizing the lottery, winning at rare intervals. His last winning was \$15, which he received last Christmas.

He stated that he will continue to buy tickets as usual, in the hope of striking the capital prize again, and added that he always buys tickets numbering between 15,000 and 60,000.

Mr. Rowan is one of fifty who always club together in buying tickets, thus securing 55 tickets for \$50. The man who sends on for them gets the extra five, all taking turns in sending. No division of the prize is made, however, when one man of the fifty wins.—*St. Louis (Mo.) Star-Sayings*, Dec. 2.

To advertise in the POLICE GAZETTE is to make sure that your business will prosper. Write for the rates to this office.



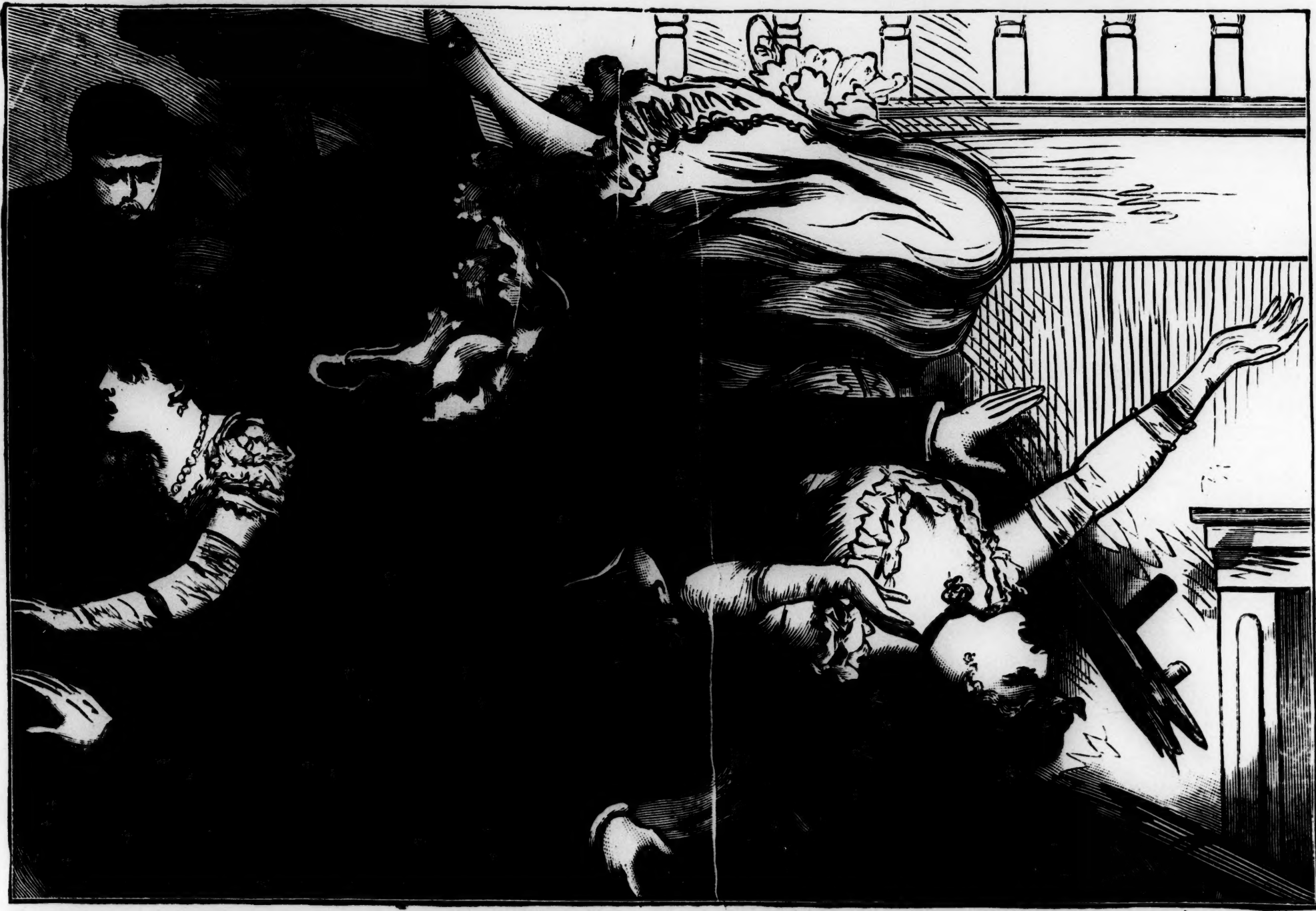
"GOOD BYE, MY PAPA."

HOW MURDERER JOHN M. DOREMUS PARTED WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD ON THE MORNING OF HIS EXECUTION AT HACKENSACK, N. J.



A DIVORCED MAN'S DASTARDLY ACT.

THE ATTEMPT OF HERMAN LUTHER TO MURDER HIS WHILOM BOSOM COMPANION AT DETROIT, MICH., FAILS BY A MERE ACCIDENT.



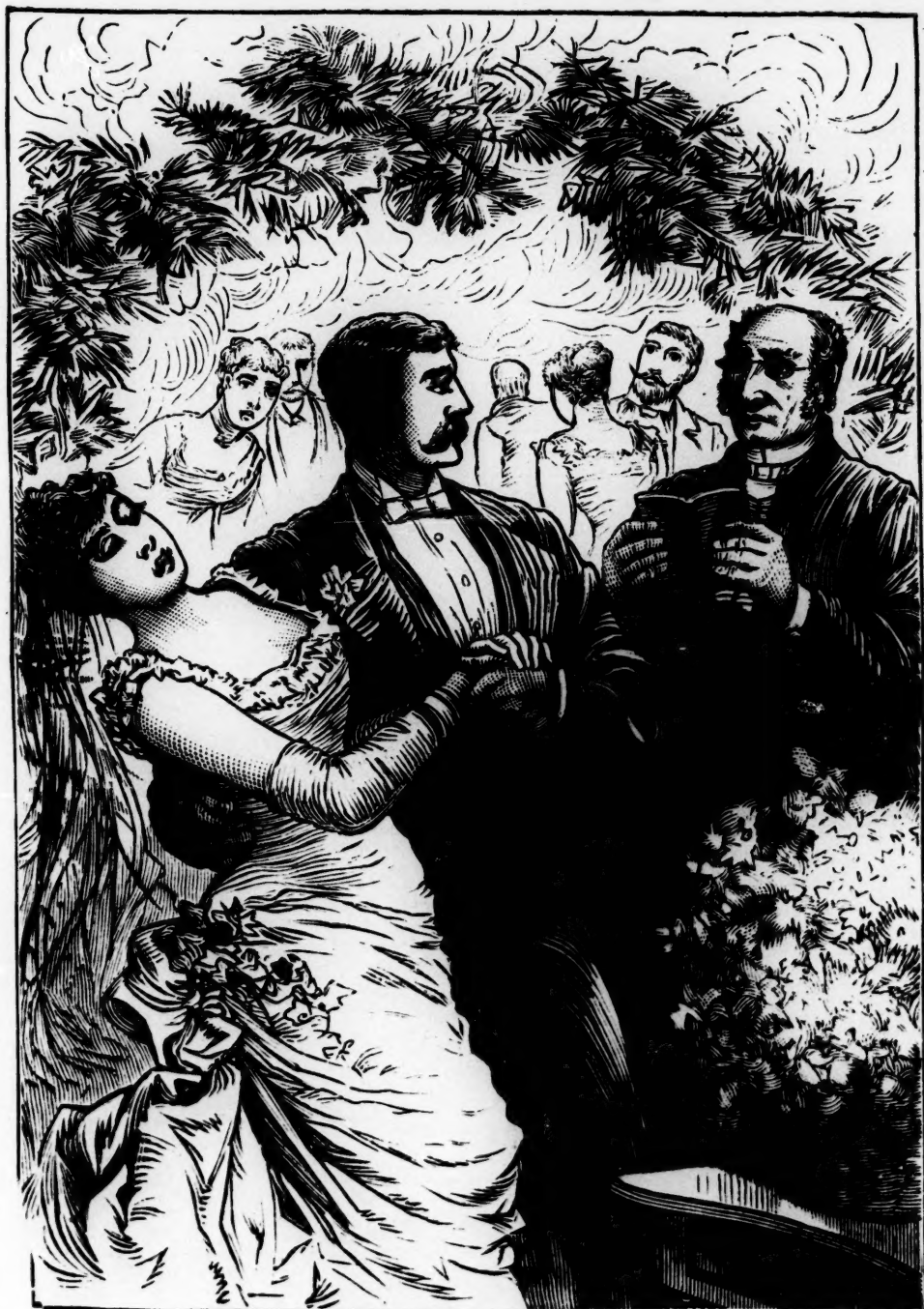
DANCERS IN PERIL.

THE DISASTROUS SCRAMBLE FOR LIFE CAUSED BY A FIRE IN A BALLROOM AT DRIFTON, NEAR WILKESBARRE, PA.



THEY GOT HILARIOUSLY FULL.

ALLEGED CANCAN DANCE INDULGED IN BY YOUNG MALE AND FEMALE SWELLS AT JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK.



THE KNOT WAS TIED ALL THE SAME.

THE EXCITING CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH MISS SALLIE HART AND A. M. NELSON WERE MADE MAN AND WIFE NEAR CULPEPPER, VA.



HE WAS A BAD MAN.

THE FIENDISH ASSAULT AND ATTEMPTED OUTRAGE ON PRETTY HULDA JOHNSON ON A LONELY HIGHWAY IN A CHICAGO SUBURB.

# EXTRA MATCHED!

Champion Kilrain Posts \$5,000  
in the Clipper Office to Cover  
Sullivan's Forfeit.

A GREAT FISTIC EVENT.

Who says Jake Does Not  
Mean Business?

MONEY TALKS.

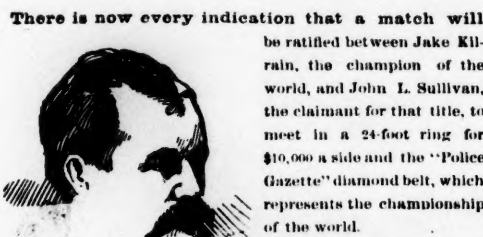
Will There Be Any More Bluf-  
fing by John L.?

NO BACKING OUT.

The Boston Boy Must Fight the Cham-  
pion or Show the White Feather.

MORE MONEY IF NECESSARY.

What Will Be the Next Step Toward Arranging  
the Great Match?



JAKE KILRAIN, THE CHAMPION. Dec. 22, and \$5,000 deposited with the Clipper, covering Sullivan's money. The following is a copy of the champion's reply, which is concise and business-like and shows that he means business and will insist on meeting John L. for as much money as the syndicate are willing to put up.

There is now every indication that a match will be ratified between Jake Kilrain, the champion of the world, and John L. Sullivan, the claimant for that title, to meet in a 24-foot ring for \$10,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world.

The \$5,000 which the Sullivan syndicate posted on Dec. 8 at the Clipper office, with a challenge to fight Kilrain, was accepted by Kilrain on Dec. 22, and \$5,000 deposited with the Clipper, covering Sullivan's money. The following is a copy of the champion's reply, which is concise and business-like and shows that he means business and will insist on meeting John L. for as much money as the syndicate are willing to put up.

EDITOR CLIPPER—Dear Sir: In reply to Mr. John L. Sullivan's challenge to meet me in the arena for \$10,000 a side and the championship of the world, please state that I am ready to meet Mr. Sullivan to battle for \$10,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world.

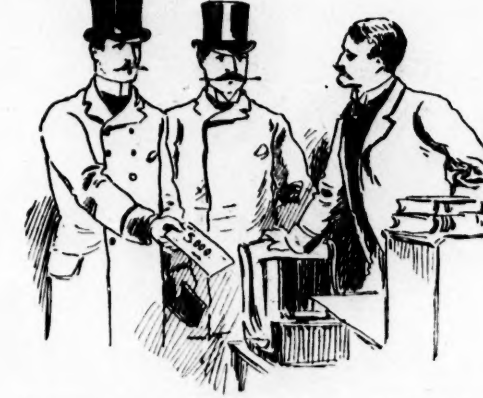
To prove I am in earnest and mean business, my friend and backer has deposited \$5,000 to-day with the proprietor of the Clipper, who, I am willing, shall be the final stakeholder. Myself or representative will be ready to meet Mr. Sullivan or his representative any day they name, giving me due notice, outside the jurisdiction of the United States, to arrange a match. Yours truly, JAKE KILRAIN, Champion of the World.

December 25, 1888.

The next thing in order toward arranging what promises to be the greatest fistic encounter on record, and the most important ever arranged in any country, will be for the backers of Sullivan and the representatives of Kilrain to meet, when articles of agreement will be signed and the final preliminaries for the great match ratified.

It is not expected that there will be any hitch between Kilrain and Sullivan in the arranging of the match, providing both parties are in JOHN L. SULLIVAN, EX-CHAMPION. earnest and mean business. Kilrain will propose that the battle shall be fought in three or four months. There should be no hitch on this clause, for Sullivan should have no objection, four months being ample time to train and prepare for the encounter.

There will be no disagreement over the amount of stakes, for

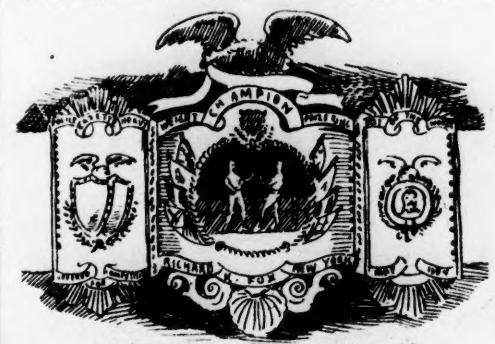


KILRAIN'S BACKER POSTING \$5,000 TO COVER SULLIVAN'S MONEY.

both Kilrain and Sullivan have agreed upon the amount, \$20,000—\$10,000 a side—half of which is already posted.

Kilrain will propose that the battle shall be fought at a place to be tossed for at the posting of the final deposit, within 200 miles of New Orleans or Sioux City, Ia.

Sullivan cannot offer any objections, for if he wins the toss he will be entitled to select the fighting ground and give Kilrain 10 days' notice; while if Kilrain should win the toss, he will have



THE POLICE GAZETTE DIAMOND BELT.

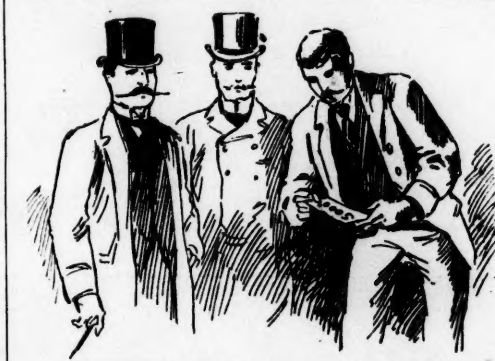
to give Sullivan 10 days' notice of the place selected for the mill. The selection of a final stakeholder and a referee will be the only important points that are likely to offer any obstacle to the consummation of the match, but these ought to be readily overcome.

The match is the most important ever arranged either in



ANNOUNCING THE NEWS AT THE HOFFMAN HOUSE.

England or America, and it is for a larger sum than ever fought for or put up on a pugilistic encounter. Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought for \$5,000 a side; Tom King and John C. Heenan fought for \$5,000 a side, and Jim Smith, the English champion, and Jake Kilrain fought for \$10,000—\$5,000 a side. But the present match is to be for \$20,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which Kilrain is the holder and owner of. The



EDITOR COLVIN SAYS, "THAT'S BUSINESS."

meeting between these giants of the fistic arena will create considerable excitement, not only in this country, but in all parts of the world where the fistic fame of both men has reached. Speculation will be rife, and, independent of the \$20,000 the men are battling for, thousands will be wagered on the result, for both Kilrain and Sullivan have a legion of admirers in all parts of the world.

M. Fitzgerald claims "hat he is middle-weight champion of the Rocky Mountains. He is now keeping the Cosmopolitan at Salt Lake City.

At Corydon, Pa., on Dec. 15, Axel Hegg and Geo. Weaver fought 7 rounds according to Richard K. Fox rules. Weaver knocked the Swede out in the last round. Hegg weighed 186 pounds, and Weaver 125 pounds. Weaver wants to fight Hegg to a finish, but the big fellow refuses to make the match.

Thomas P. Redmond writes: "I wish to match Eugene Brodie, claimant of the colored middle-weight pugilistic championship of the world, to fight any middle-weight colored pugilist to a finish for \$100 to \$500 a side, man and money ready. Address Adelphi Hotel, 286 Sixth avenue, New York City."

In this city, on Dec. 21, Jack Mullen and Joe Bates fought for a purse according to Richard K. Fox rules. Bates won in 12 rounds fought in 45 minutes. Mullen, who is 22 years of age, weighs 138 pounds, sprained his wrist and was severely punished. Bates is 21 years old and tips the scales at 140 pounds. George Higgins was referee, while Jim Fitzgibbons acted as timekeeper. About thirty sports witnessed the mill. They escaped arrest.

Jack Havlin, who fought Tommy Warren for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt which represents the feather-weight championship of America and was defeated by Tommy Warren, has returned to Boston, his home. He was accompanied by his backer, Tommy O'Rourke. The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent met Havlin and his backer on their arrival on Dec. 21. Havlin had gained flesh considerably since his departure for the West, and was not in good condition.

"I feel all right now," he said, "but I was all out of shape that night I met Warren."

"Jack was knocked out by the climate, and not by Warren," said O'Rourke. "It was impossible to keep the flesh off. He gained so fast that you could see him grow. He worked hard, but he could not keep himself down to weight. On the afternoon of the fight, when he went to take his last Turkish bath, he weighed 121½ pounds. He was nearly four pounds over weight. We roasted him for four hours and got him down to 117½. We kept him in the bath until it was time for him to be in the ring. Then we bundled him up and hustled him to the club room. He just barely scaled under 118 pounds. He was in no condition to fight, and everybody said so, but he wouldn't back out of it, although he knew he would be beaten. He was so weak in the first round that he couldn't hold up his guard, and Warren, of course, banded away at him. After the fight was over and we were in the dressing room, Jack challenged Warren to fight him in the East at 118 pounds. Warren promised to fight Jack with skin gloves in New York, providing I can get a good purse. I guess we can get a purse, and I am willing to bet a good pile that Havlin will win."

O'Rourke said that all Eastern fighters would have the same trouble in California as did Havlin in getting down to weight. "One can't help growing fleshy out there," said he. "When I went out I weighed 163 pounds. When I left I weighed 165 pounds. That is a good example of what the climate will do."

Advertising in the POLICE GAZETTE is the most certain assurance of business prosperity to the advertiser. There is no substitute for nor rival to it.

## SPORTING.

Meadows Knocks Out Jack Sullivan  
at San Francisco,  
California.

McAULIFFE'S BATTLE WITH JACKSON

### IMPORTANT TO ATHLETES:

I am now prepared to supply all kinds of boxing gloves and shoes, baseball and tennis outfits, and everything in the line of sporting and athletic goods. Send for catalogue, free. RICHARD K. FOX.

John L. Sullivan will be in New York Dec. 28. The book of Kentucky Prince, sire of Guy, is full already for 1889.

George Hawkins thinks Terra Cotta will be faster than ever next year.

Hugh Boyle wants to meet any bantam-weight pugilist in a fight to a finish.

It is sure money to bet that Firensi will catch the top weight in both the Brooklyn and Suburban Handicaps.

Johnnie Reagan has begun training for his 10-round glove contest with Charlie Norton at the Palace Rink on Jan. 3.

The question which is just now agitating turfmen is, how fast did King Thomas, the \$20,000 colt, work at Sheephead Bay.

On board the U. S. S. Michigan recently James C. Holland accomplished the wonderful performance of kicking 8 feet 9½ inches.

At Lowell, Mass., on Dec. 18, the dog Jack was killed in the pit by Mack in a fight for \$500. The battle lasted over two hours.

George Reynolds and Ed McDonald are matched to fight again for a purse. McDonald should shift the cut and win the next time.

Jim Williams and Charley Broucher fought for a \$100 purse at Salt Lake City recently. Williams won in eight rounds lasting thirty-one minutes.

Hanover and the rest of the Dwyer horses are doing very well at their Gravesend quarters. The great son of Hindoo will undoubtedly run next year.

It now turns out that the Peter Welsh who Mike Cushing fought was Jack Lyddy. How the public got gulled on these alleged daily glove fights is surprising.

Jack Fallon, the Strong Boy of Brooklyn, who recently fought Tom Lees and got the verdict, has gone to Troy, N. Y., to box with Mike Lucie, the well-known Troy boxer.

Joe Denning, the well-known pugilist, who fought Mitchell and other noted prize champions, has built a gymnasium adjoining his sporting house, 68 Kent avenue, Brooklyn, E. D.

Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, and Denny Costigan were big favorites at Hyde and Bohman's theatre, Brooklyn, last week. Their set-tos were loudly applauded.

At the New Orleans races, on Dec. 20, there was a great surprise. Pomeroy, whom the bookmakers had laid 50 to 1 against "straight" and 20 to 1 for "a place," won the race. One sporting man of the St. Charles Hotel won \$1,000 for \$50.

At Jersey City, N. J., negotiations are pending between an unknown bantam and Cal McCarthy. The unknown's backer guarantees a purse of \$500. McCarthy will probably accept, as he says he can't find anybody who will fight him for a stake.

At the Cribb Club, Boston, on Dec. 20, Lanahan and Allsop fought for a purse. Jimmy Colville, of Boston, was referee. It was a desperate battle, and, although Lanahan was the smaller man, he knocked Allsop down several times, and finally won in the fifth round.

The famous three-year-old, Bell Boy, 2:20, and twenty mares, and the five-year-old, Blue Grass Hambletonian, 2:20½, the entire stud of Jefferson & Seamon, will be sold in this city on Feb. 18, 1889, at public auction. The sale signifies the retirement of this firm from the trotting turf.

George Siddons, the well-known pugilist, who is now at Grand Rapids, says: "Jack Havlin, although defeated, is not disgraced, and in my opinion he is a courageous, plucky fighter, but I'm confident I can whip him, and think I can do the same with Warren. I don't think much of Warren."

Monte Lewis, the 17-year-old son of Warren Lewis, a well-known New York sporting man, and Sam Collins, an 18-year-old lad, began a glove contest according to Richard K. Fox rules, at Brooklyn, N. Y., on Dec. 10, but after two rounds had been fought the police raided the place. Jack Fallon, of Brooklyn, the referee, was one of the men who escaped.

Arrangements were made at the "Police Gazette" office to-day for a glove fight between Jack Fallon, the Strong Boy of Brooklyn, and Jack Ashton, of Providence. Articles of agreement were signed for the men to box ten rounds, Richard K. Fox rules, the winner to take 65 and the loser 25 per cent. of the gate receipts. Frank Stevenson, famous as a referee, is backing Fallon, and Charley Hopkins is backing Ashton. Both are heavyweights, and the contest will no doubt create considerable interest. The contest is to be decided on Jan. 15 at Palace Hall, Brooklyn, E. D.—New York Sun, Dec. 20.

At the Cribb Club, Boston, on Dec. 20, Denny Kelleher, of Quincy, Mass., and Jim Daly, of Philadelphia, fought ten rattling rounds. The referee declared the fight a draw, but it was evident to all present that Daly had the best of it, although Kelleher was fresh and ready for more when time was called at the end of the tenth round. Those who paid to witness the result were not satisfied at seeing the contest end in a draw, but it was governed by Queensberry rules, and the referee had no power to order the contest to continue. If Richard K. Fox rules had governed, there would have been no draw.

The Hon. T. W. O'Brien, the well-known sporting caterer of the "Annex," of Syracuse, N. Y., was in this city last week with Johnny Corcoran of this city, formerly of Syracuse. O'Brien had a pocket full of letters of introduction to well-known sporting men and politicians here. The first place he called at was the POLICE GAZETTE office. He had a pleasant chat with the proprietor, and was greatly pleased with the life-size picture of Jack Dempsey, which stands in the sporting office of the POLICE GAZETTE. Nearly all the leading sporting men in Baltimore, St. Louis and Chicago know O'Brien, and they never go through Syracuse without stopping at the "Annex." 34 W. Wieting Block, next door to the Opera House, because it is the Mecca of all the sporting men, theatrical and variety performers.

At Liberty Hall, New Bedford, Mass., on Dec. 17, Tommy McManus and Charley White, the "Careless Boy," of Providence, fought for a purse and gate money. The Richard K. Fox rules governed and the contest was limited to ten rounds. At the conclusion of the tenth round, the referee ordered the men to contend another round. McManus was willing, but White did not appear and he declared McManus the winner.

Later White issued the following challenge: "I, Charles M. White, 'The Careless Boy,' of Providence, E. I., feeling dissatisfied with the declared result of the glove contest in which I engaged with Tommy McManus of New Bedford, at Liberty Hall, to-night, hereby challenge him to spar 10 or 15 rounds or to a finish for a purse or for stake money, within New Bedford or within 200 miles of New Bedford (any way to suit Mr. McManus), time and place to be agreed upon hereafter. I stipulate that the referee shall be agreed upon before the contest."

CHARLES M. WHITE, E. I.

The glove fight between Dave O'Leary and H. D. Hart, a colored pugilist, was decided near this city on Dec. 19. O'Leary is 5 feet 4½ inches in height, weighs 128 pounds and is 20 years of age. Hart, the colored man, is half an inch smaller, two pounds heavier and four years older. He was seconded by Jim Gross and Jack Mullen, while Eddy Sweeney and Jack Barnable seconded O'Leary. The men fought according to Richard K. Fox rules for a purse. In the sixth round Hart did great execution, damaging O'Leary's left optic, while he knocked his mouth out of shape and bruised his body badly. The crowd warned O'Leary repeatedly to keep out of the way of Hart's right, but it did no good. It only took one minute and ten seconds of the seventh round to end the battle. O'Leary responded to the call of time in a very groggy shape, and, though he was game, Hart smashed him right and left, and finally put him to sleep by a right-hand rap on the neck.

At Chicago, Ill., on Dec. 30, Charles E. Davies, better known as "the Parson," appeared at the office of the clerk of the Supreme Court and filed a bill to enjoin Mayor Roche and Chief of Police Hubbard from interfering with his show business at the Casino Theatre and the pugilistic exhibitions of Jake Kilrain and Charles Mitchell. Judge Altgeld granted the injunction, in bonds of \$500, which were at once furnished by the "Parson," with Michael C. McDonald as surety. Davies, in his bill, says Mitchell and Kilrain were engaged to give "certain exhibitions of the Delsarte movement of physical culture and imitations of the science of sparring." It was understood by all parties to the contract that they were "in no sense contestants, contending for a prize, or for any exhibition of superior skill, or for any other purpose than merely exhibiting imitations of the science of sparring as taught in all the gymnasia and schools of physical culture and of the said Delsarte movement."

At the Criterion Club, Providence, R. I., on Dec. 19, Arthur Upham, of Norwich, and Morris Lane, fought according to Richard K. Fox rules for a purse. Both men are middleweights and were equally matched in weight, although Upham is taller and possesses a longer reach than Lane. Upham had the lead in the fighting throughout, and in the fourth round knocking Lane's nose, and the latter went to the ropes. Lane growing weak, Upham rained in blows which two men could not have parried, and finally a straight left-hand blow landed and sent him to the floor. Before the ten seconds time was called and Lane was helped to his corner, staggering and weak, while Upham danced over to his chair, fresh as paint. In the last round Upham rushed the fighting into Lane's corner and knocked him into his chair. Ten seconds and he repeat it, his left hand sending Lane down like a log, and his seconds gave up the contest. Lane was game, and staggered to his feet, but fell against the ropes and was helped to his corner.

Jack Sullivan, of Australia, and Tom Meadows fought for a purse in the California Athletic Club rooms, San Francisco, on Dec. 10. Frank Glover, of Chicago, was referee. From the start Meadows outgirthed his opponent. Half the first round having passed in sparring, Meadows swung with his right, fetching up against the back of Sullivan's head, bringing him to the floor. Sullivan was up in moment and in a rush Meadows was struck on the neck, and as he slipped his right knee went to the floor. Meadows' cleverness came out well in the second round. Eight times his left hand brought up on his opponent's nut, driving him to the ropes, where Sullivan would make a wild rush and Meadows would step back. Meadows had not yet got hit by a clean blow. He was fighting coolly in his usual style, while Sullivan was sawing the air more than was good for him. Again the Australian retired with the best of the round. Sullivan did some quick and successful ducking in the third round when Meadows rushed him to the ropes. In the latter end of the round Meadows delivered heavy right-hand blows, under which Sullivan preferred to clinch than stand up and fight. Twice Meadows pushed his man from him and Sullivan fell. Meadows had the Lower Californian quite at his mercy in the fourth round, downing him cleanly with a straight left, and he had some little difficulty in rising. As the time for stopping drew near, Meadows flinched with his left, and three times he followed in with straight right-handers, flooring his man each time. Twice it looked as though Sullivan would fall to come to time. Had the gloves been less than pillows, the battle would certainly have been decided here. It was only a question of time. Meadows had his man whipped. In the fifth round Meadows downed his man four times, and between falls poor Sullivan had all he could do to protect his much-pounded ribs. The remainder of the contest was a succession of drops on Sullivan's part. He was too weak to stand, and in the tenth round Meadows was declared the winner of the purse.

The following special was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24.

Great interest is manifested here over the prize fight between Joe McAuliffe, the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, and Peter Jackson, the heavy-weight champion of Australia. The giants are to meet in the arena in the California Athletic Club on the 28th inst., and fight according to Richard K. Fox rules for a purse of \$3,000. McAuliffe is in the best possible condition, and he is confident of winning. Already considerable money has been wagered on the result, and McAuliffe's friends have backed him at \$100 to \$200 to win a small fortune. The money of Jack Hallinan, of the Cremorne Co., is backing the Australian champion, and it is expected he will give McAuliffe a hard battle for their money. Pat Farley, who is backing McAuliffe, says he will enter the ring weighing 180 pounds, and that there will be no superfluous flesh on the champion. Jackson will weigh nearly the same. Patsy Huggan is backing McAuliffe, who, he rates, is the greatest pugilist ever seen. The San Francisco Chronicle says: "By this time Jackson had emerged from his dressing room, and it being lunch time, a good half hour was spent discussing the excellent dish of broiled chicken, lamb chops and mushrooms prepared for the midday repast. After lunch the reporter interviewed Jackson, and learned from him that he was feeling, to use his own expressive words, 'as fit as a fiddle.'"

"Have you reduced your weight much since you commenced training?"

"I have taken off about four pounds, and do not think I will get much lighter. I work hard, but the harder the too well supplied and my appetite's too good for me to lose weight."

"What do you weigh now?"

"In boxing costume I scale exactly 200 pounds, and I expect to enter the ring weighing about two pounds less."

"What system of training do you pursue?"

"Well, I rise in the morning at 7 o'clock, and the first thing I look for is a glass of sherry with an egg beat up in it. I take a short walk, and breakfast at 8 o'clock. At 10 o'clock I start for a walk to San Leandro and back, making in all about 5 miles. Then I have my bath and rub down, and after that lunch. At 3 o'clock I go for a stroll and return at 4 o'clock, when I supper the bag for from a half to three-quarters of an hour. Then another rub down and a rest until 6 o'clock, when I have supper. I take another walk after that, and go to bed at 9 o'clock."

During the afternoon a number of visitors arrived from Oakland and San Francisco, and at 4 o'clock when Jackson, clad in woollen guernsey and pantaloons, went into the exercising room to pull the bag, there were a number of applications to be allowed to see him at work. He consented, and as the party encircled themselves in chairs around the platform he remarked, affably, "Make yourselves at home, gentlemen, but don't smoke."

The bag was kept in a state of unrest for seven rounds, and the manner in which it collided with the ceiling caused those looking on to wonder why the seams of the leather sphere did not burst. It was a splendid piece of exercise with both hands, and a treat to witness. After Jackson had received his rub down he rejoined the group on the veranda, but did not participate to any extent in the conversation, which was on pugilistic topics. When asked point blank by some one present what he thought of his chances with McAuliffe, he replied:

"I think I will give a good account of myself. I fully recognize that Joe is a clever man and will outweigh me considerably, but I intend to try to be at my best when I shake hands with him, and if I am defeated I will know I have met a better man than myself."

Jackson reads a great deal while at his training quarters, and has also taken a notion of studying the French language.

Do you want to make money out of your business? Of course you do. Then advertise in the POLICE GAZETTE and get ready to increase your stock.

JAN. 5, 1889.]

## REFEREE.

Kilrain's Fair and Sportsmanlike  
Attitude in Reference to  
Sullivan's Challenge.

## THE FINAL STAKEHOLDER

After all the cuckooing about Kilrain being afraid to arrange a match with John L. Sullivan and about the champion being afraid to battle for \$10,000, I see that Kilrain is going to meet the ex-champion in the flat arena in a match for \$10,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world.

Kilrain has written a reply to Sullivan's deft, and the latter's much advertised \$5,000 forfeit has been covered. The champion has agreed not only to battle for \$5,000 a side, but for \$10,000, the largest stake that any pugilist ever fought for or was ever backed to fight for.

The next move that will be made by Kilrain will be to meet Sullivan's representative any place that can be mutually agreed upon, and then there is not the least doubt that the greatest flat match ever arranged will be ratified, providing the conditions that the Sullivan syndicate propose are fair and sportsmanlike and suit Kilrain.

The latest advice I have received from Chicago state that Kilrain will not place any impediment in the way of ratifying a match, so the way matters look at present there is every indication of the two gigantic gladiators of the Nineteenth century meeting in the arena.

If there is no match made it will be no fault of Kilrain's. It is needless to say that the proposed meeting between Kilrain and Sullivan will create a furor never before known in sporting circles in both hemispheres. Thousands of dollars will be wagered upon the result as to whether Sullivan can conquer Kilrain and regain his lost prestige, or whether Kilrain can retain the "Police Gazette" championship belt, which he now holds, and win the \$20,000 depending upon the issue.

There are dozens of ways for pugilists who issue challenges to avoid arranging a match. I remember the great match for \$5,000 and the championship of America in 1868 between Joe Coburn and Mike McCool. The money was up, and the pugilists were to have fought at Cold Spring, Ind. McCool entered the ring, but Joe Coburn was arrested about 800 yards west of the ring by secret service officers. He was totally unfit to fight that day, and it was the only chance his backers had to save their money.

At the time Tom Allen and Mike McCool were matched the second time (they were matched three times and fought twice), they met at Cincinnati and failed to agree upon a referee. It was merely a ruse of the McCool party to save their money. Now what is to prevent Sullivan, supposing he is matched to enter the arena against Jake Kilrain to battle for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, \$10,000 and the championship of the world, from shirking a meeting with Kilrain in the eleventh hour, provided everything connected with the match was not favorable to him and his party. To be sure Kilrain could do the same. For instance, supposing no referee had been appointed, both Sullivan and Kilrain could object to every one named, and then the match would end in a fiasco, like the great match between Ned O'Baldwin and Jim Mac for the championship of the world.

The men met at Collier Station, W. Va. I was present. Neither side would agree upon a referee and the battle was never fought and both the backers of O'Baldwin and Mac received the stakes they had posted, after furnishing the stakeholder with the receipts he had given them when they put up the money.

I understand, in order to avoid any wrangle in the proposed match between Kilrain and Sullivan, that Kilrain's friend, to prove he means business, will insist at the forthcoming meeting that the referee shall be selected at the posting of the final deposit, and I am sure that the party Kilrain's friend will insist on to fill that important but unthankful position will be Al Smith, of New York city, a well-known and popular sporting man, and a responsible person to fill that position. Should Sullivan and his backers object to Al Smith, with all their challenges and uncalculated boasts, the public will come to the conclusion that Sullivan is a big coward and a bluffer.

From an interview I have had with Kilrain's friend, I think the terms upon which he agrees to enter the arena against Sullivan and battle for the championship of the world are fair and sportsmanlike.

He proposes that Kilrain shall meet Sullivan in a twenty-four-foot ring for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, the contest to be decided in two, three or four months from signing articles, within 500 miles of New Orleans, or any place that may be mutually agreed upon. Kilrain's friend says: "It is a mistake to suppose that he (Kilrain) desires to name the battle ground or claim anything unfair, nevertheless, he will insist upon his rights, which he is entitled to, being champion."

I think if the match is arranged—and judging from the conversation I had with Kilrain's friend it will be, if Sullivan does not interpose his usual objections and bluffs—there is no sane person who can say that the conditions proposed by Kilrain are anything but fair.

One principal point, that will be as hard as a hemlock knot to crack, is the selection of a final stakeholder. There are plenty of responsible persons ready to act as such, but they do not want to pose as a stakeholder in a flat encounter. I am sure there will be a wrangle on this important question, but Kilrain's friend will name Mr. John Scannell, of New York city, a gentleman trustworthy and capable of holding any amount of money, and who would not for a moment hesitate in giving it to the winner upon receiving the referee's decision and order to pay over the stakes.

Should the Sullivan party object to Mr. John Scannell being the custodian of the stakes, this will be another proof that they do not mean genuine match-making.

It is past experience, as regards Sullivan and his way of making matches, that inclines me to doubt the genuineness of his alleged challenge to Jake Kilrain. I only go by incidents that have occurred during the past six years of the last decade.

Many of the readers of the "Police Gazette" are aware that when Billy Madden, who made John L. Sullivan, had the management of this once great boxer, he would not permit Sullivan to accept any challenge unless the challenger agreed to contend according to the rules and terms Sullivan or Madden dictated.

At the time Jim Collins, Tug Wilson's backer, posted \$1,000 with Harry Hill to match Tug Wilson against Sullivan for \$2,500, the champion insisted that Harry Hill should be final stakeholder, referee, and select the battle ground.

At the time that Jimmy Elliott's backers posted \$500 forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE to match Elliott to fight Sullivan for the championship of America, Sullivan insisted on Harry Hill being stakeholder, referee and select place of fighting. In fact, in every match that was proposed to Sullivan

The case is not on record in which an advertisement in the POLICE GAZETTE failed to improve the advertiser's business. Try it if you have anything you want to sell and be convinced.

while he reigned champion, from Feb. 7, 1882, to June, 1888, Sullivan time and again refused to fight for the title unless the challenger would allow him to name his own referee, stakeholder and have the naming of the battle ground.

There is no pugilist in the world that has the power to dictate terms that are unfair to another in arranging a match, no matter whether he is champion or the challenger for the title. Kilrain, I understand, does not desire to insist on any terms or conditions that are unfair, neither did he personally ever propose terms that any one eager to arrange a match could object to. He is the champion, which title he gained simply because the pugilist who held the premiership refused to defend it, and which he has since been ready to defend against all comers.

Charley Mitchell writes from Chicago in regard to Jack Dempsey's proposition as follows: "I do not care to fight to a finish first," he said, "and that is what Dempsey is most anxious to have me do. I should much rather spar ten rounds here in the East for \$5,000 a side, and then go to San Francisco and within six weeks fight to a finish before the California Athletic Club for the \$10,000 they have offered for such a contest, the winner of the finish fight to take the stakes in both events, making a grand total of \$20,000, with the chances of the loser being but \$5,000 out on the whole affair. I am willing to bet and give odds that Dempsey doesn't knock me out, but I would not wager \$5,000 even that I would win. I can gain no reputation by fighting Dempsey, but will do so if there is enough money in it."

I understand that the recent glove fight between "Butch" Barry and Rod McKenzie at Butte City was a regular swindle, and that Barry did not try to defeat McKenzie, but consented to lose, in order to defraud his backers out of the money.

I do not know the ins and outs of the matter, except that Messrs. Lecoy and Le Blanc, who backed Barry, sent me the following statement, which explains the matter: "For several months past," writes Lecoy, "Barry has been a close hanger-on to myself and Le Blanc, and after he had secured our entire confidence, told us we could make \$500, or as much more as we felt like, if we should back him to fight Rod McKenzie, of Anaconda. He said he could lick him easily in two rounds. He showed us a scrap book containing newspaper clippings of his victories. One was where he licked the 'Montana Kid' in two rounds and shortly afterwards fought a 'fake' fight with the same party in California which lasted 28 rounds. I believed his story and knew he was a good man, and no one doubted he could whip McKenzie, which he can do to-day if he wanted to. Anyhow we drew up articles of agreement which stated that the fight should be to a finish with skin gloves and would come off in Idaho."

"The purse was to be \$500 a side. Myself and Mr. Le Blanc deposited a \$250 forfeit with Mike Gill, Harrington, of Anaconda, McKenzie's backer, drew his money down a few days afterwards, while I followed Barry to Gregson Springs. While at the springs I discovered that Barry was also in communication with Harrington; also that he had the articles of agreement in his possession, but disposed of them, and they could not be found. I soon learned that McKenzie's money had been taken down, and I also took ours down, and upon inquiry learned that the Anaconda people did not want to fight in Idaho."

"A new agreement was then drawn up. It was to fight with two-ounce gloves, 50 rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for \$500 a side. The money was then put up by both sides and the men went into training."

Mr. Lecoy also said that if he and Le Blanc should get all the stake money Barry could have the receipts of the house, which the latter readily agreed to. Barry remained at Gregson's Springs ten days, and his bill there, including his trainer, was over \$50, which Lecoy also paid. Barry returned to Butte on Friday, on which day Lecoy said he was told that a scheme was on foot to rob him. He could hardly believe it. Barry, on hearing that McKenzie was in town, would not go back to the springs, but said he wanted to see his opponent on business. Mr. Lecoy then learned that his man and McKenzie had been together and in communication while Barry was at the springs. Lecoy finally went to Barry and told him that many ugly rumors were afloat, all to the effect that he was going to throw the fight, and Mr. Lecoy hoped, for his sake, such was not true. "To this Barry replied," said Mr. Lecoy, "Never mind what they say. Your money is all safe. I'll knock this man out in six rounds at the most. The money in the audience is well worth fighting for, and you'll see a good, square fight."

The battle was decided, and Barry never tried to win, and the crowd, who detected the fraud, cried: "Hang him!"

The "Sporting Life," London, says: "When Fred Archer's will was made public, homilies, more or less edifying were spun on the subject of a successful jockey's career. The income he had enjoyed during the most brilliant part of his career was respectively compared with that earned (earned is the word, is it not?) by a leading Q. C., a judge, and a Cabinet minister, and jockey would. What with the homilies have to say about successful pugilism and bookmaking as a career, they have had an opportunity of studying the interesting provisions of the last will and testament of Tom King, sailor, dockman, pugilist, sculler and bookmaker? The question, What to do with our boys? would seem to be answered by the result of the life-work of the flat hero in question. 'The value of his personal estate is declared at \$24,473 6s.' And he died at fifty-three. The facts are pregnant enough by themselves."

W. G. Grace, the phenomenon English cricketer, when playing against Yorkshire, performed a feat which it is said has never been done by another living cricketer—namely that of making over a century in each innings in a first-class match. Twice previously has the champion himself performed this feat, viz., in 1888 at Canterbury (130 and 102 not out), and last year at Clifton, playing against Kent, he made 101 and 108 not out. In the match now under notice, however, Yorkshire v. Gloucestershire, he quite eclipsed these efforts, as he made 148 in his first innings, and at the second attempt 158. He was "caught" by Uist, bowled by Preston. That this performance of the "Grand Old Man" was no fluke is proved by what he did in the very next match against the Australians, viz., "bowled" Turner, 221 first innings, and "not out 171" in the second. Shall we ever see his like again? The last recorded instance of over 100 being made by a player in each innings in a first-class match was in 1817, 71 years ago, by Lambert.

An Australian exchange says: "An advertisement appears in the dailies whereby Edward Hanlan, on behalf of John Teemer, of the United States, challenges the winner of the Kemp-Searle race to row for the championship of the world and \$500 a side, on the Parramatta river, one hour after the turn of the ebb tide, within six months after the Kemp-Searle race. Hanlan has also expressed his anxiety (seeing that Beach is in training again) to have another go at the ex-champion for \$200 a side, over either the Parramatta or Nepean courses, within six months' time. He finishes up his challenge with a notification that he and Teemer are prepared to meet Beach and Kemp in a double-scut race."

Under the caption "Pugilists and Magistrates," the Evening Sun says: "Charles Mitchell, the pugilist, says that making a pugilistic match in this country is different from making a match in England. Here, he says, there is a possibility of a large fine and five years' imprisonment, while in England the old-fashioned magistrates regard such a charge with indifference and discharge the prisoner without even a reprimand."

Jimmy Murphy, the light-weight champion of Michigan, and Jimmy Griffin, of St. Paul, are trying to arrange a match. John P. Clow, manager, on behalf of Jimmy Griffin, has made an offer to back Griffin against any light-weight in Michigan. The offer has been accepted by some of Murphy's friends. These people assert they will back their man for any part of \$10,000 upward. Murphy is a very promising young fellow, having fought several hard fights, winning a fight one time with his jaw broken. This goes to prove to be the sporting event of the season, and is looked forward to with great interest by the sporting community hereabouts.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Official Figures Concerning  
the Popular Vote for  
President.

## "TABLE STAKES," ETC.

D. E. C.—At Saratoga, N. Y.  
H. L. Lawrence, Mass.—No.  
J. R. N. Y. City.—\$19,305.35.  
E. F. Portsmouth, N. H.—O. K.  
T. J. B. Georgetown, Texas.—No.  
BONNILL—A. Iverline in the POLICE GAZETTE.  
CONSTANT READER.—Yes, and Rowell won.  
J. H. F. Montgomery, Ala.—Over 6 feet in height.  
G. L. & F. L. Butte City.—Thanks for matter received.  
INQUIRER, Bellingham, Cal.—A is entitled to a run of four.  
W. L. Buffalo, N. Y.—We do not know what you refer to.  
E. D. Brockton, Mass.—Jake Kilrain was never defeated.  
W. W. Newark, N. J.—John L. Sullivan weighed 166 pounds.  
G. R. F. Syracuse, Kan.—A won. 2. The national ticket wins.

R. J. R. Duluth, Minn.—We do not understand what you mean.

J. K. Fort Stanton, N. M.—A wins and is entitled to the money up.

A. M. M. Merrill, Wis.—The employer is entitled to deduct for lost time.

C. F. Paterson, N. J.—It was one of the small bones between the elbow and wrist.

J. H. Naugatuck, Conn.—A loses. Ten seconds has time and again been beaten.

S. C. C. New York.—1. No. 2. No; either is foul and an infringement of the rules.

F. O'R. Chicago, Ill.—If it was agreed to "make" your last point, high wins the game.

P. A. F.—We have the "Cocker's Guide" on the press. It will be completed in a few days.

T. & M. Kansas City.—It is estimated there is over that number employed in this country.

E. J. David's Island.—We have not heard anything about Wallace Ross's challenge since.

L. W. Springfield, Mass.—See the popular vote in this issue, which will decide your question.

H. F. Mt. Vernon, Md.—H. wins. Sullivan never put up a forfeit to fight or box Charley Mitchell.

J. T. B. Buffalo, N. Y.—Charley Mitchell and Jim Smith have boxed together several times in England.

H. J. S. Grand Rapids, Mich.—Your opponent needed but 3 points. Your bid of 4 gave him the game.

READER, Peru, Ind.—A poker hand consists of five cards; no bets can be made on less than that number.

G. F. D. Chama, N. M.—If all the players pass, up to the ante man, the latter takes the pool, and the deal ends.

F. D. Ridgeway, Can.—It is the same as the outside hook or back heel in collar-and-elbow or square-hold wrestling.

J. J. H. Buffalo, N. Y.—He is not the party you mean. 2. He is a light-weight boxer and resides in Philadelphia.

R. GRIEK, New York.—No. B should not retire from the game until he deals the cards. This gives both A and C a fair show.

P. S. Woodland, Mich.—If a player cannot deposit in the pool an amount sufficient to "call" his opponent, he loses the stakes.

T. A. St. Louis.—We shall have to hear the other side of the story before we can decide such a momentous and important question.

J. C. C. Philadelphia.—Several persons claim they have the colors. Address a letter to Sullivan. He will no doubt settle the question.

G. A. S. Waltham, Mass.—Yes; they boxed at Boston, but it was a cut and dried affair and could not be considered a contest for the supremacy.

H. W. New York City.—The record of A. P. Weston would fill three columns of the POLICE GAZETTE, and we have not the space to publish it.

T. A. Boston, Mass.—1. The Coliseum at Omaha will seat 8,000 and hold 20,000 persons. 2. John B. Prince is the secretary of the board of directors.

J. S. New York.—Send for "The Police Gazette Book of Rules" to this office. They contain all rules. Two shoulders must touch the ground.

Bagville, East, Fort Yates, Dak.—Your question is too voluminous to be answered properly. Please state the case in as brief a manner as possible.

W. H. F. Pierre, Dak.—New York. 6 out of 10—3 in New York, 1 in Brooklyn, 1 in Philadelphia, 1 in St. Louis. Lost—3 in New York and 3 in St. Louis.

J. W. G. Beatrice, Neb.—John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers fought for \$200 a side and the English championship belt at Farnborough, England, April 17, 1860.

B. E. G. Sinclair House, New York City.—In the Frank Hall race, February, 1887, James McCall received \$4,313.78. In the race for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt George Littlewood received \$3,704.40.

D. G. Lehigh, I. T.—The judge's decision was final and settled the point, no matter whether A was correct or B wrong. The judges no doubt decided honestly, according to the rules, and contract made by the contesting parties.

H. G. G. Lawrence, Kan.—1. Tom Sayers did not break his arm when he engaged in a prize ring encounter with John C. Heenan. 2. There is no conclusive evidence that Jack McDonald, Heenan's trainer, poisoned him, but it was currently reported he done so.

S. L. D. Round Pond, Me.—The coin described by you is known as the old Pillar or Cannon money of Spain. To determine its value we would have to have a better description or a rubbing; but none of these coins, if in the finest condition, are worth more than 25 cents per the metal value.

A. B. Birmingham.—1. Charley Mitchell was born in Birmingham, Eng. Nov. 24, 1861. 2. Dominick McCaffrey never defeated Mitchell. They fought four rounds in Madison Square Garden. McCormack gave in favor of McCaffrey on points, but his decision was considered by press and public an unjust one.

W. J. S. Boston.—In 1888 H. E. Bourmeyer, of the New York Athletic Club, deposited \$1,000 with the New York Daily News with a challenge to match Wm. B. Curtis, of Chicago, now athletic editor of the Spirit of the Times, for a dumbbell and weightlifting match with Patrick Kelly, the Strong Man of Brooklyn. Benjamin Wood, proprietor of the paper, gave a receipt for the money.

A. E. M. Grinnell, Ia.—Jake Kilrain holds the heavy-weight belt, Jack Dempsey holds the belt representing the middle-weight championship, Jack McCall holds the light-weight belt, and Tommy Warren holds the feather-weight belt. They were all offered by Richard K. Fox, and there was no championship trophies recognized in this country until he put them up to prove who is the champion.

T. J. W. Pottsville, Pa.—George Mulholland arrived from Sydney two months ago and has been signed by the Golden Gate Athletic Club of San Francisco to fight Willie Mahan, the present light-weight champion of the Pacific coast, on Wednesday, Jan. 9, 1889, for the championship and \$500. Mulholland is a native of Sydney, Australia, 22 years of age, weighing 143 pounds and stands 5 feet 7 inches in height.

J. F. D. Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—Paddy Ryan and John L.

Sullivan fought Feb. 7, 1882, not at New Orleans, La., but at Mississippi City, Miss. The stakes were \$2,500 a side, and London prize ring rules governed. With the exception of Sullivan's battle with Charley Mitchell it was the only prize ring encounter he ever fought, the balance of his contests being either a limited number of rounds in which Queensberry rules governed, or to a finish by the same rules.

M. H. Orleans, Neb.—A table stake simply means that each player places his stake where it may be seen and that a player cannot be raised more than he has upon the table; but at any time between deals he may increase his stake from his pocket, or he may put up any article for convenience sake—say a knife—and state that that makes his stake as large as any other player's, and he is then liable to be raised to any amount equal to the stake of any other player, and must make good with cash. When playing table stakes, if a player has no money on the table he must put up or declare his stake previous to raising his hand, and failing to do this he must stand out of the game for that hand.

M. J. A. Chicago.—The following is the record of George Mulholland, the Australian pugilist. He fought and defeated Bennett, of North Shore, who weighed 3 stones heavier, with 3-ounce gloves, 3 rounds, to a standstill, fought Newman, champion middle-weight of Woburn, for \$20 a side, defeating him in 4 rounds; fought Riley, champion light-weight of Newcastle, for \$15 a side, winning in 4 rounds; fought Williams, of Parramatta, champion light-weight of Parramatta, for \$20 a side, defeating him in 1 hour 30 minutes; fought Billy Wary, weighing 11 stones, with 4-ounce gloves, defeating him in 6 rounds; fought Jack Fuller for \$25, defeating him in 6 rounds, sending him down in the last 3 rounds eight times in succession; fought and defeated Brennan, champion light-weight of Melbourne, for \$20 a side, in 4 rounds; fought Jas. Lawson, of Brisbane, for \$100, at Foley's Athletic Hall, Sydney, an hour and 30 minutes, both men becoming so exhausted that the public unanimously decided that it was a draw, Lawson having the advantage of 1 stone in weight; fought Jas. Lawson a second fight of 3 hours 30 minutes, at which time a draw was declared; fought George Powell, champion light-weight of Australia, for \$200 and the championship light-weight, defeating him in 10 rounds. He has had the following fight fights: Fought Jimmy Plummer, 1 hour 30 minutes; D. McPherson, 30 minutes; Jack Rose, 30 minutes; Jack O'Toole, the feather-weight, 30 minutes; Sweeney, 45 minutes, and Dummy Mace, at Jackson and Miller's combination in Newcastle, in 8 rounds.

N. E.—In order to reply to the many questions in regard to the vote at the last Presidential election, we publish the following tabulated statement of the popular vote cast on Nov. 4, 1888, from returns made by telegraph. In every case the figures are official, and allowance is to be made only for errors in transmission.

	Harrison.	Cleveland.	Plat.	Lab.
Alabama	57,197	117,310	583	40,643
Arkansas	58,653	85,923	814	.....
California	124,809	117,729	2,741	1,691
Colorado	60,706	37,445	2,100	1,365
Connecticut	74,584	74,930	4,334	840
Delaware	12,973	16,414	400	.....
Florida	58,650	39,361	403	.....
Georgia	40,453	109,478	1,892	136
Illinois	370,470	342,858	21,386	7,410
Indiana	268,361	261,018	3,881	2,094
Iowa	211,886	179,377	3,550	9,108
Kansas	182,914	102,738	6,779	87,787
Kentucky	155,134	163,800	2,225	623
Louisiana	30,184	81,841	130	.....
Maine	73,734	80,492	2,600	3,245
Maryland	99,980	106,168	4,708	.....
Massachusetts	153,456	161,009	6,638	.....
Michigan	238,370	212,604	20,942	8,068
Minnesota	136,359	99,944	15,000	.....
Mississippi	30,096	85,478	318	.....
Missouri	226,325	261,867	4,945	15,853
Nebraska	108,425	80,559	5,484	.....
Nevada	7,238	5,328	43	.....
New Hampshire	45,730	43,358	7,685	42
New Jersey	144,344	151,489	7,904	.....
New York	660,336	685,955	30,327	8,060
North Carolina	134,769	148,336	5,787	.....
Ohio	415,792	399,969	24,018	3,458
Oregon	33,253	26,524	1,677	363
Pennsylvania	596,091	446,590	20,748	2,565
Rhode Island	21,009	17,530	1,351	19
South Carolina	13,740	65,825	.....	.....
Tennessee	158,515	161,079	5,669	48
Texas	83,220	82,888	4,749	.....
Vermont	45,192	16,788	1,450	35
Virginia	160,438	161,977	1,678	.....
West Virginia	18,491	75,330	.....	.....
Wisconsin	176,553	155,292	14,277	6,528
Total	5,430,607	5,538,045	267,343	114,638

## SPORTING NOTES.

Recently Captain Mackenzie, the champion chess player, was defeated by John S. Ryan at the Manhattan Chess Club in this city.

W. J. O'Connor, the champion oarsman of America, has challenged H. Searle, the champion of the world, for a three-mile race for the championship of the world and \$5,000 a side.

John S. Prince telegraphed from Omaha to this office on Dec. 18, asking to enter Mlle. Amalinda, the female long-distance bicycle rider, in the proposed race to be held in this city.

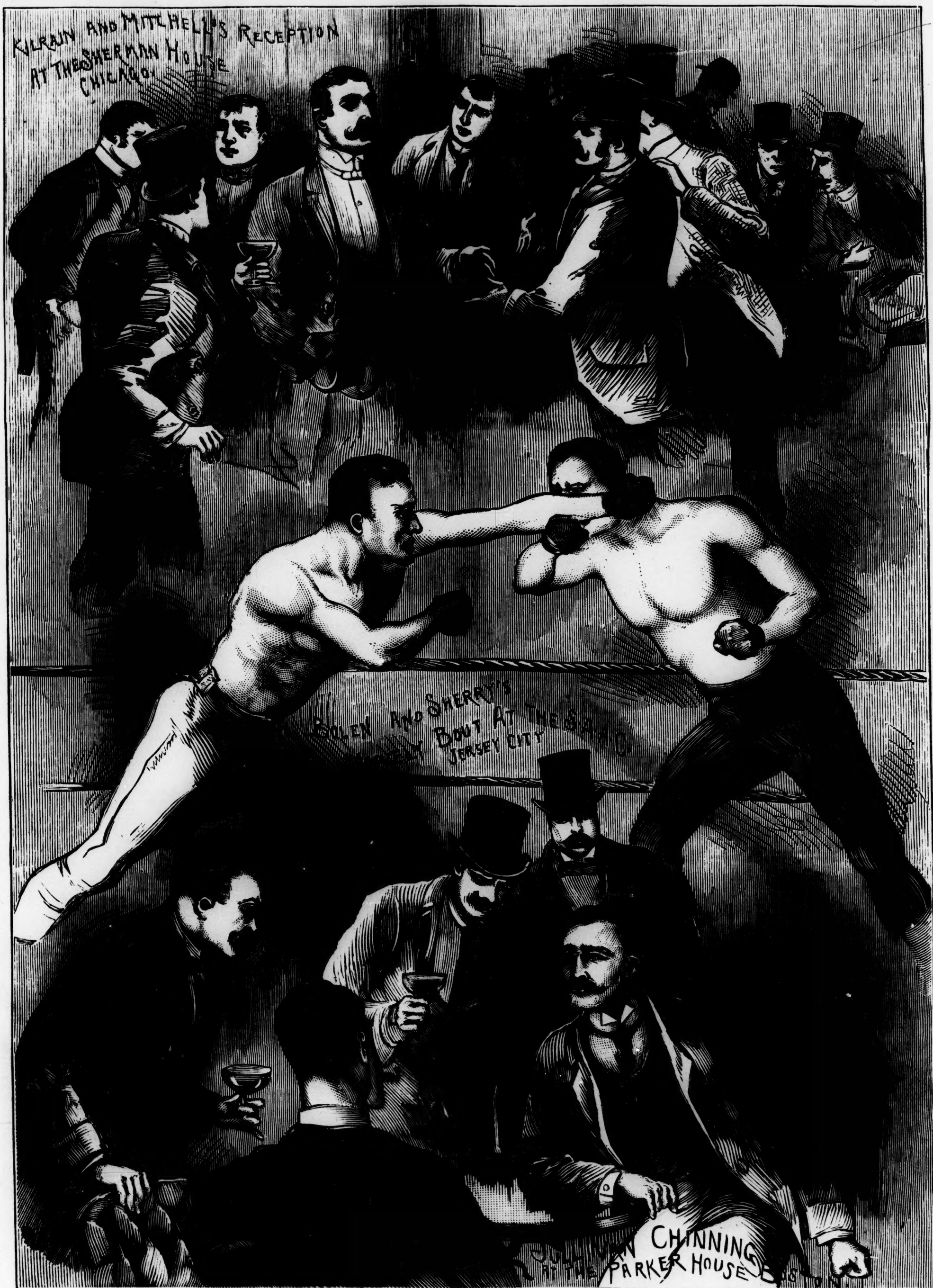
"Greek George" and Matsada Sorakichi have signed articles of agreement for a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match for \$100 a side, to be decided in Philadelphia. The winner will take 85 per cent. of the receipts.

Charley Green, late of England, and Greek George, of Peoria, Ill., have arranged a match to wrestle within one month, catch-as-catch-can style, for \$100 (left open to \$500) a side. Green was Joe Acton's last opponent in England. Acton won, breaking Green's thumb in the match.

From the N. Y. "World": "Richard K. Fox's latest sporting publication is 'The Life and Battles of Jake Kilrain.' The book is printed on tinted paper, is attractively bound and copiously illustrated, and will be indispensable to every sporting man's library of reference." Price 25 cents by mail.

At Clifton race track, at Clifton, N. J., on Dec. 17, two remarkable things happened during the afternoon. Crick, the little gray mare, was a starter in the second race. After finishing in the rack she dropped dead near the judges' stand. The cause of her death is said to come from a rupture of the stomach. In the third race, Full Sail, the favorite, when tearing the homestretch and looking every inch a winner, fell down through sheer exhaustion. Thousands were invested on Full Sail's chance of victory in every pool room in the country. Full Sail could not have lost had he stood up, said a well-known book-maker. He fell when in the lead, and the betting public lost sums from \$5 to \$2,500.

Among the great rival athletic associations, the Amateur Union and the National, there are not only rumors of war, but war to the knife. The Amateur Union is a new organization, while the National Association is an organization that has outgrown its usefulness by the dominating, autocratic actions of the various committees. For some time the National Amateur Association proved sufficient, but at last several prominent athletic clubs became dissatisfied with it, and it was decided to start a new association, which should be distinctively national in character, that would take cognizance of and have jurisdiction over all kinds and classes of athletic sports. With this purpose in view the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy joined with the New York Athletic Club in 1887 and issued a call for a meeting of all the recognized amateur athletic organizations of the United States to consider the question. The result of this convention was the Amateur Athletic Union, which has absorbed nearly all the prominent athletic organizations in the country. When the Union selected September 18, 1888, at Detroit, as the date and place of their championship of America games, the National scheduled its similar meeting for September 15, 1888, at New York, and empowered the Missouri Athletic Club, of St. Louis, to hold a Western championship meeting on its grounds September 8. The Amateur Athletic Union at once authorized the Chicago Athletic Club to hold a Western championship meeting on its grounds September 2, in order to establish



## IN THE PUGILISTIC WORLD.

BOLEN AND SHERRY'S RATTLING MILL, AND OTHER EVENTS IN WHICH NOTED INDIVIDUALS WHO FIGURE IN  
FISTIC CIRCLES WERE PROMINENT ACTORS.



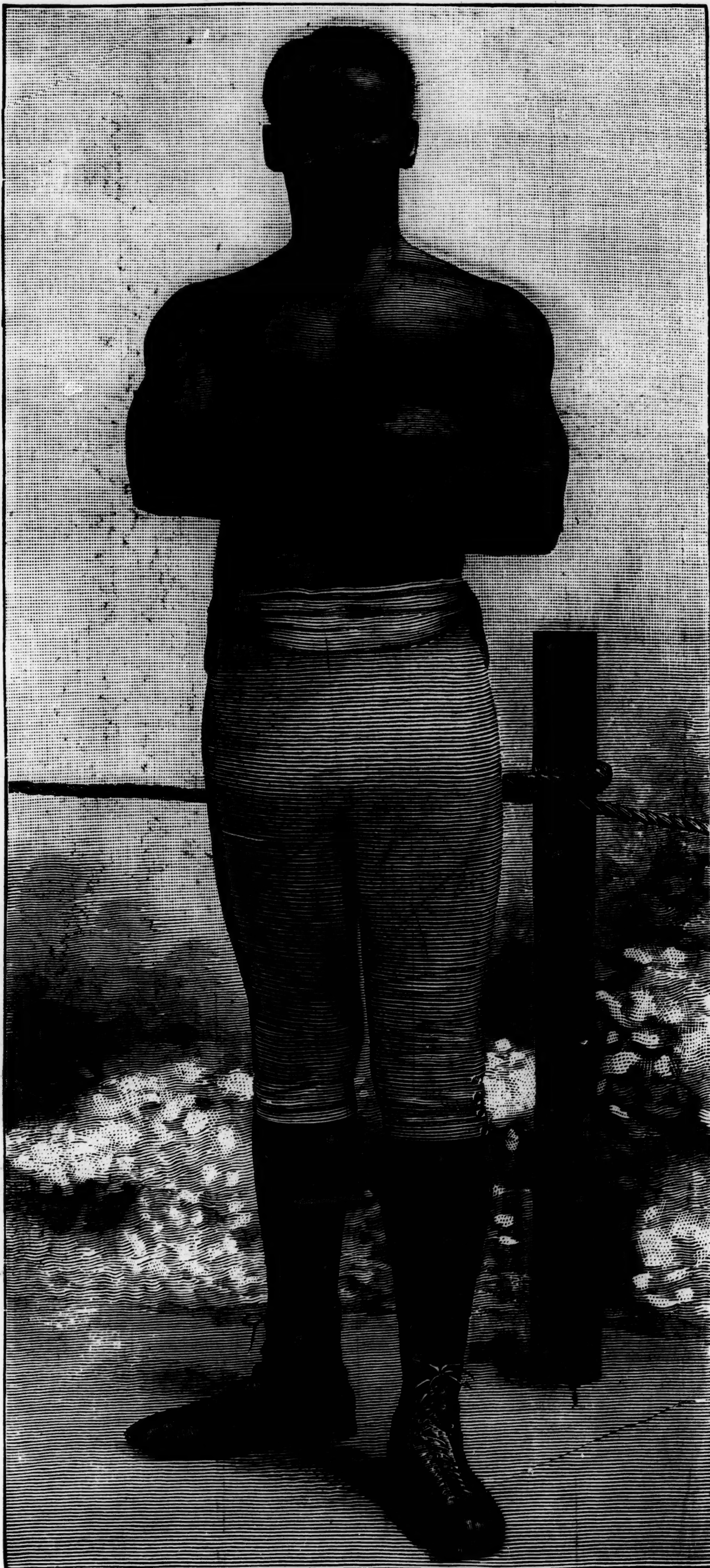
SAMUEL MOORES,  
THE CHAMPION ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX POUND CATCH AS-  
CATCH-CAN WRESTLER OF THE WORLD.



A. P. MESSINGER,  
THE EX-CHAMPION LONG DISTANCE BICYCLE RIDER, TRAINER,  
ATHLETE AND SPORTING MAN.



BENNY JONES,  
THE CHAMPION ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUND CATCH-AS-  
CATCH-CAN WRESTLER OF THE WORLD.



PETER JACKSON,  
THE COLORED CHAMPION OF AUSTRALIA, WHO WILL MEET JOE MCAULIFFE AT THE CALIFORNIA ATHLETIC  
CLUB, SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER TWENTY-EIGHTH.

## BASEBALL.

### Lively Gossip About What is Going on in the Diamond Field.

#### "JUNE'S" ENTERTAINING BUDGET.

Predictions do not always pan out according to the wishes of the wisecracks, who know it all.

When it was first made known that Mr. A. G. Spalding had completed all his arrangements for a tour to Australia, it took the people by storm. Then it was that the learned men began to predict. They pictured the disadvantages of the trip until they actually succeeded in inducing some very excellent players to abandon the trip entirely.

According to these would-be prophets everybody was going to be seasick during the entire voyage; they would be in a strange land thousands of miles away from their relatives and friends, with the chances very much against ever getting back to their old stamping grounds. They were bound to get shipwrecked, and it is difficult to tell what really was not sure to occur.

Now since the glowing accounts have reached here of the royal reception of Spalding and the ball tossers all along the route, it makes those who were frightened out of going fairly green with envy.

Instead of the adventure proving a fizzle, as predicted, it has resulted in one of the grandest baseball enterprises that has ever been undertaken. The entire party are being lionized everywhere they go, and the players are not only highly delighted, but are making the tour of their lives.

If there is anything that makes a first-class ball player sick at heart it is to read the glowing accounts of the Australian trip.

Here they are at home, with their money all spent, anxiously waiting for spring to come and eagerly counting the weeks, and even the days, until the first of April, and at the close of each day, as they kneel down and say their little prayer, they do not fail to wind up by saying: "Thank fortune, we are one day nearer the opening of the season!"

There is a vast difference between shivering around a stove trying to toast your shins during these cold winter days in America and dancing around on the green award in the tropical climate of Australia. It makes the fellow that stayed at home choke and gasp for breath when he speaks of the other fellows, and says: "I had a chance to go, but do not know why I didn't."

The Australians are all cricketers, and therefore they are fairly well posted in field sports. They understand what good fielding is, and they thoroughly appreciate the brilliant work of the American ball players, who to them seem full of life and animation.

It was the same way fourteen or fifteen years ago, when two teams of American baseball players visited England and took the country by storm with their superb fielding. The thing which seems to puzzle them the most is the rapidity with which the game is played. A cricket match is liable to last two days, while a baseball match is invariably completed in two hours.

The latest sensation in baseball circles is the purchase of the controlling interest of the Buffalo club by White and Rowe, of the defunct Detroit League club.

It was startling from the fact that White had been sold to the Boston club for a good round figure, and Rowe to the Pittsburgh club.

They simply ignored the transaction, and by their action have openly defied the League magnates.

The Buffalo club, through the International Association, is a party to the National agreement. Their action is in violation of the agreement, but despite all that they are going ahead and declare they will carry their case into the courts and smash up the National agreement and the reserve rule, just as Erasmus Wiman called the American Association down when he bought the Metropolitan club franchise and was then crowded out of that body. He showed the baseball magnates that their law was not worth a button, and that is what White and Rowe propose to do. They are acting under legal advice, and they come pretty near knowing what they are doing.

The League people are making a big front, but at the same time they are frightened about half to death.

President Young squirmed like an eel when he discovered what they had done, and he tried to smooth matters over by saying: "It is all nonsense to talk of men being sold. There is no such thing. Clubs acquire certain rights to the services of a player, and with his consent transfer their rights to other clubs. The are paid solely for that privilege. These two men are reserved players of the Detroit team, and until they are released they are not eligible to sign elsewhere."

The whole story is pretty clearly told in this one selfish paragraph. They are not sold, but they have rights to his services, which, with the consent of the player, are transferred to other clubs for a large bonus. Oh, no! that is not selling a player. Of course not. But in case he does not give his consent. Then what? Is he released? Oh, no! he then becomes ineligible to sign elsewhere, which means he is to be starved into submission.

White and Rowe refused to go to Boston and Pittsburgh respectively, and the scheme is to crowd them out of the baseball business through the National agreement.

If this is not slavery, then I would like to know what slavery is. Men are bought, sold and traded just as the negroes were years ago, and the poor player has nothing else to do but submit to his treatment or step down and out and hustle around for some other means of earning a livelihood.

It is about time someone took the bull by the horns and put a stop to this wholesale system of boycotting. "Once a League player, always a League player." This is their motto. So that settles it. No matter how distasteful a club or the League may be to a player, there is no alternative for him. He has got to remain just as long as they see fit to retain him, or get out of the business altogether. Yet they have the cheek to say the courts can't make us hire a man or play with a club if we don't choose to do it, when their only reason for doing so is to starve certain men into submission, and all this is done in our free and glorious United States.

What a quiet laugh the ball tossers away off in Australia must be having now at the expense of those who stayed at home! There they are, in a most beautiful climate, with their three meals found for them each day and nothing to do but play an exhibition game

lasting about two hours per day, and spend the rest of their time looking around at the sights and enjoying themselves. They will see a part of the world that they never saw before and may possibly never see again.

This frosty weather must gall those gentlemen who had a chance to go, but thought they were dead cunnings by staying at home. The very fact of spending twenty-eight days on the Pacific ocean, at the mercy of the waves, froze the marrow in their bones. They were not afraid to face death as that is the greatest pleasure of a ball player's life, but they did not like the idea of the fish feeding on their carcasses. They don't mind being planted in a cemetery, for then they could have a marble stone stuck up at their heads as a sort of a reception committee to tell the gang that they have been sleeping there since such a period, and the gang can light their pipes and cluster around that dear old spot and recall the reminiscences of bygone happy days, when his pits was alive and posed as a ball player. That is what might be termed good, solid comfort, and the proper manner in which to die and get buried. But this thing of getting wrecked at sea and devoured before you even strike bottom takes all the romance out of it. It is no fun to see a million different kinds of fish pulling and jerking at you and fighting with each other in a disgraceful manner to get a piece of you before you have gotten fairly under the water. Then, again, what satisfaction is it to a fellow to know that he has been split up into little pieces, even if he does prove hard to digest?

When it comes to sifting the thing right down and weighing up the dark as well as the bright side of the great trip to Australia, no one can really blame the chicken-hearted men who remained at home, or even the two Mikes—Tiernan and Kelly—who backed out at the eleventh hour.

Of course the party reached Australia all right, but that is only half the trip, and they are liable to do the fish-feeding act on their returning trip. It don't do to hollow until you get out of the woods. JUNE.

#### PERCY HUNTING.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Percy Hunting was born at Bunker Hill, D street, Boston, June 21, 1869. He made his first appearance as a public reader, and continued in that capacity for two seasons. He made his debut as an actor in Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu," playing *De Mowbray* with great success. Then R. M. Field, of the Boston Museum, engaged him, and before the season closed he was called to act as a member of John McCullough's support for the California theatre. Here Mr. Hunting remained until the theatre passed out of Mr. McCullough's hands. Mr. Hunting then appeared in Mr. Daly's company, New York. Since then he has made successes in such parts as *Pierre* in "The Two Orphans," as *Gismonde* in "St. Mark," as *Brutus* in "Julius Caesar," and did notably strong work in leading juvenile parts with Mrs. D. P. Bowers. He was effective in character in the play "In His Power." His acting as *Dr. Jeckyl* and *Mr. Hyde*, as a star, is still remembered. Mr. Hunting will shortly appear as *Edmund Kean*, a play on the life of the great actor of rare power and captivating interest.

#### SHE HELD HIS LEGS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Minnie Brophy, of 551 Ninth avenue, New York, after having retired, a few nights ago, on the second floor of the building, was awakened by an unusual noise in the hall. She jumped out of bed and found a man half through the bedroom window. He was caught fast, and the plucky woman seized him by the legs to prevent him from extricating himself. She bravely held on until a policeman arrived and took him in custody.

A. C. Owen, aged 79 years, an old and highly respected citizen of Mason City, Iowa, is out with a challenge to any man of 79 in the United States to run him a 40 or 80 rod race, and at the end of the race jump and strike his heels together three times. He will wager from \$500 to \$10,000 on the result. In reply to the above challenge A. E. Mattoon, of Oswego, N. Y., writes as follows: "If Mr. A. Owen, of Mason City, Ia., will make his challenge read '50 yards and 76 years old,' I will accommodate him. He must send \$100 as a forfeit to the POLICE GAZETTE on or before March 17, 1899, for a wager of \$500 to \$2,500, to show that he means business. Race to be run between May 1 and June 1, 1899, at the city of Chicago, Ill., Mattoon, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.; referee to be chosen by the stakeholder on the day of the race. If Mr. Owen wants a race for money he need not look any further. If my age and terms are acceptable.

"Yours respectfully, A. C. MATTOON."

#### NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Copy for POLICE GAZETTE, No. 591, must be in by Saturday, Dec. 25, in consequence of New Year's day.

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Moreover, the more competition there is the greater is the necessity of advertising.

When there is only one person engaged in a certain business every one must trade with him, but where he has a dozen rivals the business is divided into a profitable part of the trade will go to him who is best known.

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Those who try it all say so, and they should certainly be able to judge.

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**HEARING PERFECTLY RESTORED** By Dr. J. A. Pat. Invisible Tubular Ear Closures Illustrated by R. E. Call or write F. HISCOK, 353 B'way, N. Y.

**CONSUMPTION CURED.** An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

#### ELSIE GEROME.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsie Gerome, whose attractive face and figure appears on one of our pages in this issue, has been connected with various operette and burlesque companies, and is known as an actress of dash and ability. Miss Gerome is especially captivating in rollicking topical songs, and at the same time looks well in the artistic negligee of tights.

#### PHOTOGRAPHS.

### CATALOGUE OF POLICE GAZETTE GALLERY.

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Publisher,

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When you write mention the Police Gazette.

#### SHOT ON HIS COFFIN.

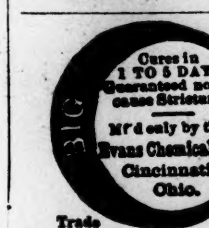
[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Lyman Puslee, a fratricide, was shot on Thursday near Ushkaomma, I. T. in the presence of several hundred Choctaws, in execution of a judicial sentence. Puslee met his fate stoically. He sat erect and cool on his coffin while his hands and feet were bound and his eyes bandaged, and he did not appear to flinch when the executioner gave the command to fire. His death was instantaneous.

#### PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.



TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBEBINS and COPALBA is an old, tried remedy for gonorrhea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its neat, portable form, freedom from taste and speedy action (it frequently cures in three or four days and always in less time than any other preparation) make Tarrant's Extract the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. To prevent fraud, see that each package has a red strip across the face of label with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N. Y., upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.



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
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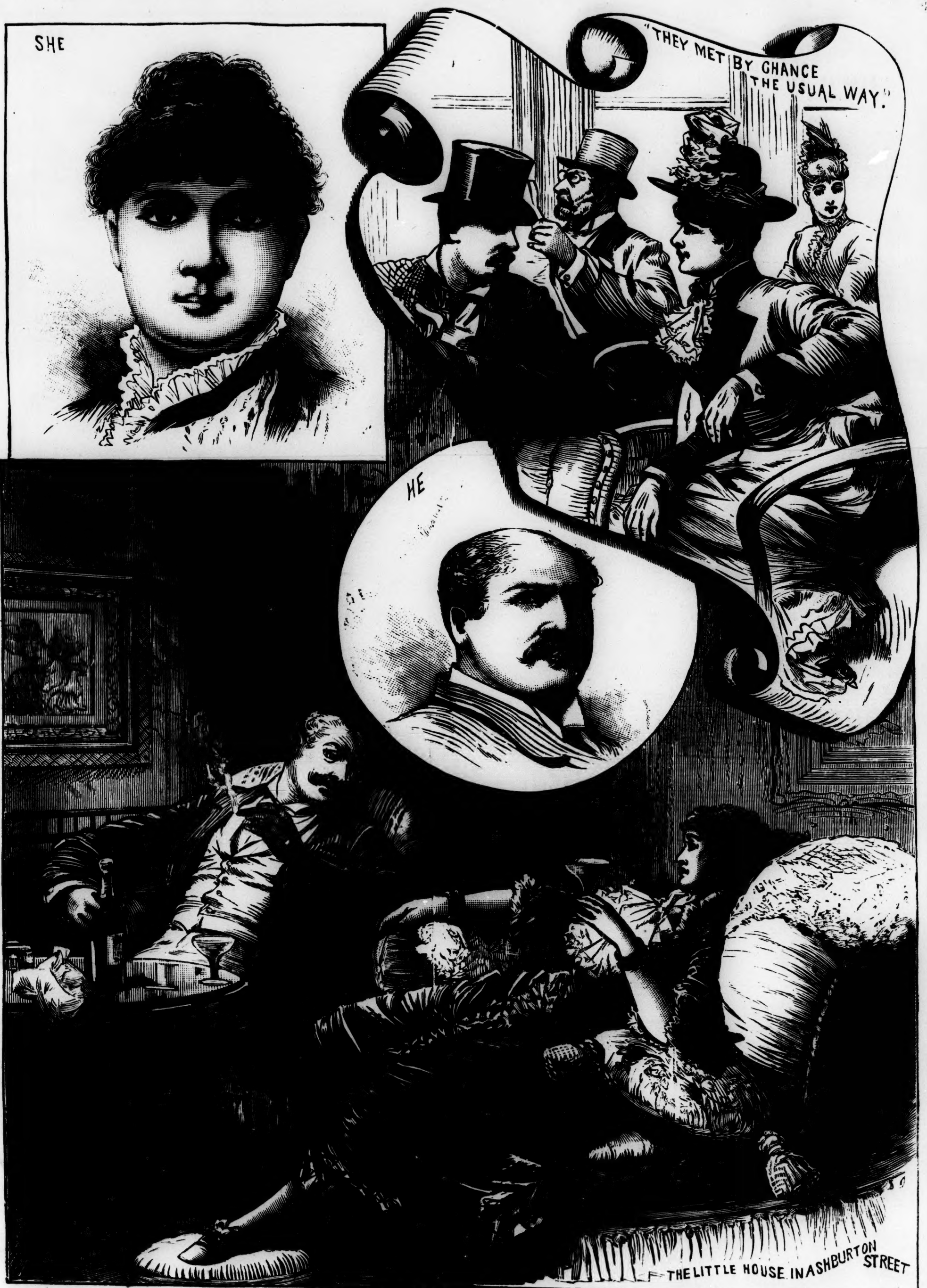
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